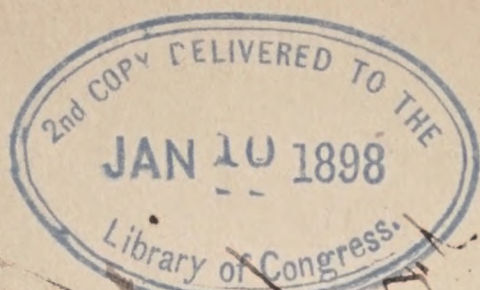




STORIES
OF THE
AMERICAN
REVOLUTION

FIRST SERIES

EVERETT T. TOMLINSON



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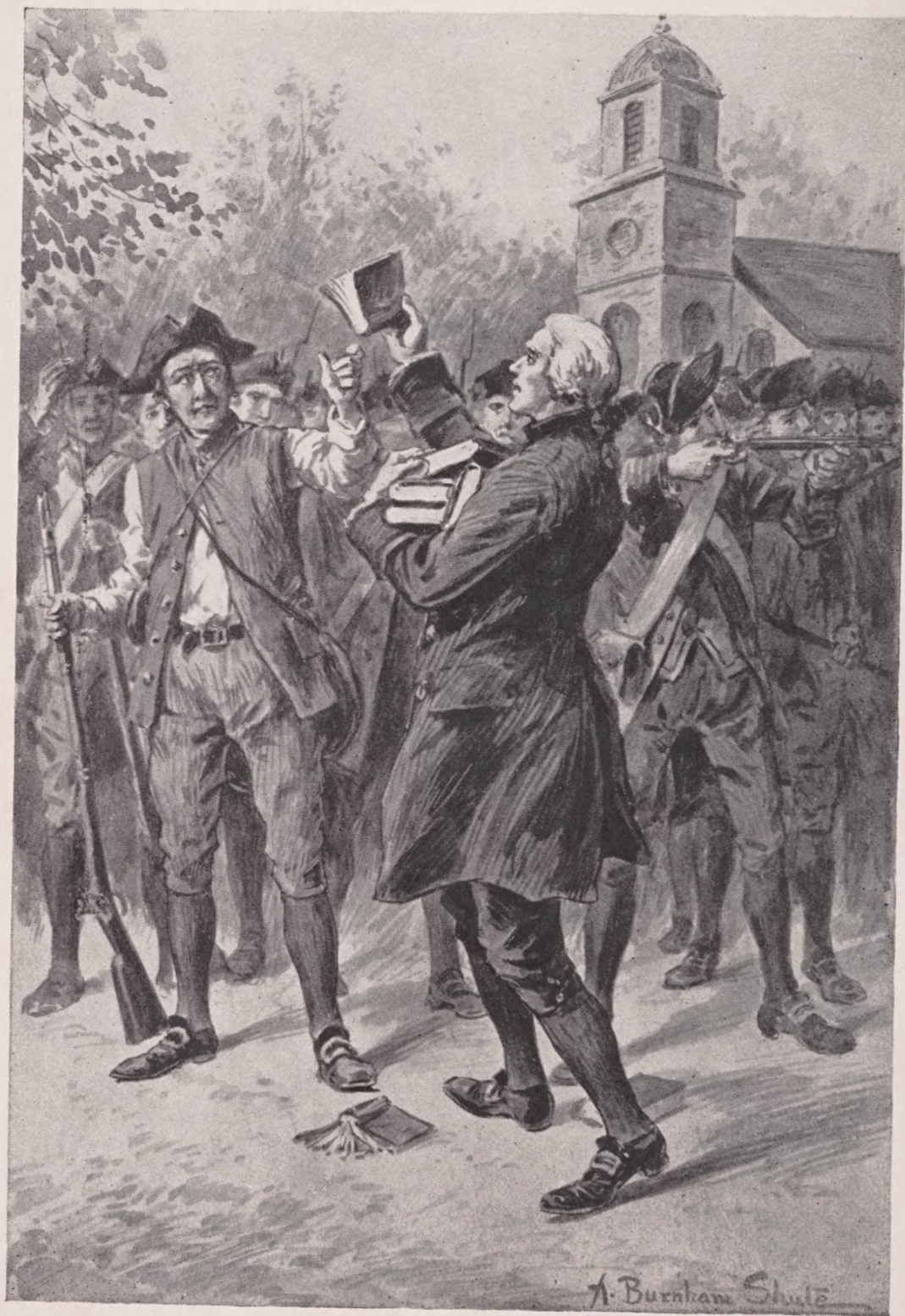
Stories of Colonial Days

Stories of the Revolution, Part I

Stories of the Revolution, Part II

Stories of the War of 1812

Stories of the Boyhood of Famous Americans



"NOW PUT WATTS INTO THEM, BOYS!"

Frontispiece

STORIES

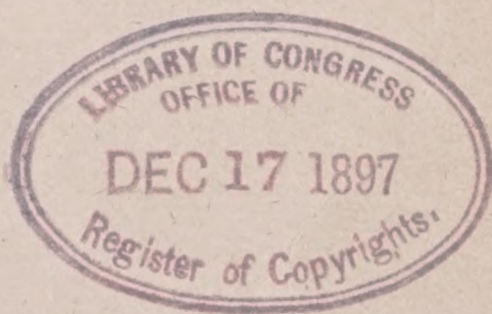
OF THE

AMERICAN REVOLUTION

BY
✓
EVERETT T. TOMLINSON

AUTHOR OF "THE SEARCH FOR ANDREW FIELD," "THE BOY SOLDIERS OF
1812," "THE BOY OFFICERS OF 1812," "TECUMSEH'S YOUNG BRAVES,"
"GUARDING THE BORDER," "THREE COLONIAL BOYS,"
"THREE YOUNG CONTINENTALS," "WASHINGTON'S
YOUNG AIDS," "WARD HILL AT WESTON,"
ETC., ETC.

35 ✓
PART I.



BOSTON
LEE AND SHEPARD PUBLISHERS
1898

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STORIES OF THE AMERICAN REVOLUTION

C. J. PETERS & SON, TYPOGRAPHERS, BOSTON.

BERWICK & SMITH, PRINTERS.

PREFACE

THE foundation of these stories is historically true. The incidents of home-life, of the struggles of the women and children who were left to defend themselves as best they could, of the privations, bravery, and heroism of those who never went upon a battlefield, have been too much neglected. The men who shouldered their muskets, and at the peril of their lives went forth to meet the foe, are not likely to be forgotten ; but the no less heroic deeds of those who were left behind are oftentimes slighted. We have studied the battlefields sometimes to the exclusion of the lives of the men and the women.

The author in putting forth these stories confesses to one grave fear. He would not in any way enkindle to-day a feeling of hatred towards the mother country. There are too many reasons why the relations between the two lands should be, and should continue to be, friendly, for him in any way to try to keep alive the feelings which prevailed during the Revolution. The times have changed, and it is to be hoped that we may change with them.

There is, however, a very decided need of a revival of patriotism to-day. The highest patriotism may win its victories in times of peace as well as in times of war. But there is no deep love of country without a thorough appreciation of what it has cost to found and develop the land we love. The struggles of our fathers were heroic, and are worthy of remembrance ; and it is well for us all to know something of the price which they paid that we might have a country, in order that we may preserve and defend that which they have bequeathed to us.

As supplementary lessons in history, as examples of patient endurance and of the highest bravery, these stories are sent forth, with the hope that they may enkindle in the hearts of the young readers a desire to know more of the history of their own land, and a purpose to be true to the best the fathers have left as a heritage to us.

Some of these stories have appeared before this book was issued. I wish to express my appreciation of the kindness of the S. S. McClure Co., *The Independent*, The Bacheller Syndicate, and others, in permitting me to use them here.

EVERETT T. TOMLINSON.

CONTENTS

	PAGE
I. THE FIGHTING PARSON OF '76	1
II. MARGARET SCHUYLER'S QUICK WIT.	9
III. AN ESCAPE FROM THE PRISON-SHIP — THE JER- SEY	21
IV. COLONEL ROBERT COCHRAN — THE SPY	30
V. SARATOGA SONG	42
VI. FIGHTING THE BRITISH WITH BEES	48
VII. THE MOTHER OF GEORGE WASHINGTON	55
VIII. THE BARON OF THE PINES.	63
IX. THE HEROISM OF ELIZABETH ZANE	71
X. KING'S MOUNTAIN.	84
XI. FIRING THE SHIP	86
XII. JOHN SCHELL'S STATAGEM	94
XIII. THE WAR WOMAN'S GUESTS	102
XIV. AN OLD-TIME DECORATION DAY	110
XV. MRS. BENEDICT ARNOLD	119
XVI. NATHAN HALE.	126
XVII. BETWEEN TWO FIRES	128
XVIII. MRS. SLOCUMB'S VISITORS	136
XIX. THE WIFE OF GENERAL GREENE	143
XX. THE CAPTURE AT RAMAPO PASS	150
XXI. THE DANCE.	163

LIST OF ILLUSTRATIONS

"NOW PUT WATT'S INTO THEM, BOYS!" . . .	<i>Frontispiece</i>
"WENCH, WENCH!" HE SHOUTED, "WHERE IS YOUR MASTER?"	<i>Page 18</i>
"AND HIM WITH SHOUTS OF GLADNESS THE ARMY DID RECEIVE"	" 44
"HAVE I THE PLEASURE OF ADDRESSING MISTRESS CLARKE?"	" 50
THE SOLDIERS ROSE FROM THE STRAW AND FIRED,	" 69
"ARE YOU THE BOYS WHO WENT OVER TO STATEN ISLAND YESTERDAY?"	" 88
"I'LL SHOOT THE FIRST MAN WHO TAKES A STEP TOWARD ME"	" 107
"HOL' ON, MASSA! HOL' ON!" HE SHOUTED . . .	" 141

STORIES

OF THE

AMERICAN REVOLUTION

I

THE FIGHTING PARSON OF '76

It was sunrise in the morning of Wednesday, June 7, 1780. In spite of the early hour, quaint old Elizabethtown, New Jersey, was all astir. Frightened faces were peering out of windows ; and the cries of little children, who, without knowing why, shared in the alarm, were frequently heard. On the streets were some of the bolder men and many of the boys, whom not even a British army could keep silent.

In some of these groups Whigs and Tories stood together ; but they had little to say to one another, for the feelings were very bitter now. The boys, reflecting the opinions of their elders, were not so silent, however, and frequently uttered taunting

words. But the Whigs, though determined, were much depressed, and the Tories were correspondingly elated.

"We've got you now," said one young Tory to John Dayton, whose father was an ardent Whig. "Your father'll soon be in jail."

"I'd rather see him there than be such a turn-coat as your father is, Jim Todd," replied John. "He never ran over to Staten Island for shelter, and then ran home again when he thought everything was safe. Besides, I hear that General Stirling, who was in the van of this procession, was shot in the thigh last night. Perhaps somebody else'll get hurt too."

"Here they come, John," said his friend Joseph Hatfield, pointing down Water Street; and all the boys became silent, watching the approaching army.

In advance rode the Hessian general, Knyphausen, and his staff. Behind followed the "Queen's Rangers," mounted on large and beautiful horses, waving their drawn swords, and with their helmets glittering in the sunlight. Behind them came the infantry, Hessian and English, the brass of their steel weapons highly polished, and every man with a new uniform. Cheers continually rose from the Tories as the six thousand soldiers passed, and the Whigs were silent and depressed. What could Washington, with his poorly equipped soldiers at Morristown, do against such men? And for Mor-

ristown this army had started on that June morning, to take Washington and crush the rebellion.

"I hope they don't get our parson," said Joseph, as he and his friend started up the street when all the soldiers had passed. "I understand he is the only man in New Jersey besides Governor Livingston for whose head the British have offered a reward."

"You trust Parson James Caldwell," replied John. "He hasn't preached in this Presbyterian church for nothing. Why, from the very beginning of the war he has been one of the most active men, and they haven't done him much damage yet."

"No ; but they've made him preach, when he has been at home, with pistols on the pulpit beside his Bible, and with sentinels posted in the church-yard."

"I don't care about that. I don't blame the British for feeling hard toward a parson who hasn't gone alone into the fight. Why, do you know there have been thirty-nine commissioned officers among the Continentals from his church? And then, besides being a good fighting chaplain in Colonel Dayton's regiment, he is assistant commissary-general. The British have tried to kidnap him time and again. But he knew how to fight the devil ; and I guess he can fight like him, too, if necessary."

Joseph laughed as he replied, "But it's too bad

he has to keep his family up at Connecticut Farms for safety. But here comes your father. I wonder what he wants?"

"John," said Mr. Dayton hurriedly, "I want you to take your horse, and ride as you never did before for Prospect Hill. Joseph can go, too, if he wants to. The British have gone by the long road, and you can get there before them if you ride hard."

In a brief time the boys, each on his own horse, were riding at breakneck speed for Prospect Hill. Their horses were foaming when they arrived, but the British had not yet appeared.

"Boom!" went the long eighteen-pound signal cannon there; and all the people of the region soon knew what that meant. From every direction the men began to assemble, and with strange-looking weapons prepared to meet the invaders.

Colonel Dayton's men, Parson Caldwell among them, were compelled to retreat; but after the manner of the fight at Lexington, the militia fell on the British army. At last, when deserters told the Hessian general that Washington was strongly intrenched at Short Hills, he gave up all thoughts of an advance, and camped with his army for the night at Connecticut Farms, where Parson Caldwell had left his wife and nine children. He had urged her to leave the place; but, brave as he, she had refused to do so.

The British at once began to pillage and burn. The old church was set on fire, as were also the most of the few houses and shops. On the eastern side of the street was the old parsonage, in which Parson Caldwell's family was staying. A party of British officers came and ordered Mrs. Caldwell to set before them the best food she had. She complied, and then, with her younger children and a maid, withdrew into a bedroom and fastened the door.

"There's a redcoat soldier just jumped over the fence, and is coming right up to the window with a gun," said the maid excitedly soon after the door was closed.

"Let me see! Let me see!" said little Elias, the two-year-old son of the parson. Mrs. Caldwell arose, and went to the window. The soldier was near now, and for a moment he glared at the defenceless woman.

"Don't attempt to scare me," said Mrs. Caldwell quietly; but before another word could be spoken, the soldier raised his gun, loaded with two balls, and fired. Both balls entered her body, and without a groan she fell dead.

Only after a long persuasion was the body given to the neighbors before the house was burned. Night soon came on; and in the midst of a drenching rain the British army departed, and marched back to Staten Island.

The following day a brief funeral service was held at the house of a neighbor, and Parson Caldwell was present. People noted how hard his face was, but he did not shed a tear at the time.

Again the British determined to start for Washington's quarters, and capture him and his men. This time, on the twenty-third of June, Sir Henry Clinton led his men in person, and twenty pieces of artillery were carried with them.

Again the signal gun on Prospect Hill sent forth its warning, and again the militia quickly gathered. The passes among the hills were guarded, the bridges were torn up, and the forces divided to meet the two divisions of the British.

Near Springfield were Colonel Dayton's men, Parson Caldwell with set face among them, fighting as scarcely any of them did. The British army was pressing hard. The Americans were desperate, and determined not to yield, when suddenly the cry arose, "The wadding is gone!" It seemed as if they must retreat, and the end had come.

Suddenly Parson Caldwell rushed into the church by the roadside. Had he run away? Was he trying to escape? Soon the men saw the fighting parson return, his arms loaded down with copies of Isaac Watts's hymns. "Now put Watts into them, boys! Give 'em Watts!" he shouted, and ran into the church for another armful.

The soldiers had heard of beating learning into boys, but it was a new experience to shoot Watts's hymns into men; and with a shout they renewed their work, taking a more determined stand than ever before.

But now their numbers were constantly increasing. The British were not accustomed to this method of warfare, although one might fancy that they would have profited by their experience at Concord and Lexington; and soon they began their return to Staten Island, and Washington again was safe. In all the various engagements of the day the Americans lost only thirteen killed and had forty-nine wounded, while one of the British officers afterward reported that their loss had been nearly five hundred.

From this time forward Parson Caldwell never seemed to rest. He made many a touching appeal to his men, based upon the cruel murder of his wife, and never failed to gain a response. The British tried many plans to capture or kill him, fully realizing how dangerous a man he was; but they all failed until the 24th of November, 1781, which was long remembered as a sad day in the history of New Jersey.

On that day he had promised to meet the daughter of a friend who was coming to Elizabethtown by water from New York. When he went on board the flag-sloop at the "Point," he was told

that the young lady had already gone to the town. He started to return, when some one handed him a parcel wrapped in a white handkerchief, and requested him to take it with him.

He placed it in his chair-box, and was about to depart, when a soldier stopped him and said, "I must search your chair, to see whether you have not seizable goods in that bundle."

The parson replied that he would return the bundle to the sloop; but as he stepped on board, a man on the quarter-deck, within two yards of him, with an oath stopped him, and before a word could be spoken, the soldier presented his musket and fired. Parson Caldwell fell dead at his feet.

It was true that Morgan, the murderer, was quickly arrested, and afterwards hung for his deed; but all were assured that he had been bribed to kill the fighting parson, just as Tryon had tried to find some one to poison Washington.

If any of you ever visit Elizabeth, you will find in the old churchyard of the First Presbyterian Church a marked monument with a quaint and touching inscription upon it, declaring that beneath that stone there rest the bodies of Rev. James Caldwell (the fighting parson of '76), and of Hannah, his wife. A much longer and quainter inscription was on the earlier stone, but this still serves to tell us of one of the noble deeds of our fathers.

II

MARGARET SCHUYLER'S QUICK WIT

ONE summer evening in August, 1781, two men were seated at a table in the public room of a tavern in a settlement about twenty-five miles north of Albany. They had been engaged in an earnest conversation for an hour or more, and evidently one of the men had been trying to persuade the other to enter into some project which he was proposing. He had been speaking earnestly, but in such low tones that none of the few stragglers that entered the room could hear what he was saying; but his companion was plainly interested, and while he said but little, he was listening attentively to the words of his friend.

And well he might; for the speaker was none other than Joe Bettys, whose name was known and feared throughout that region. At the breaking out of the Revolution he had been an ardent Whig: but he was captured by the British in Arnold's struggle on Lake Champlain, and from that day he was a changed man; for while he was a captive in Canada he had listened to the words of

his captors, and had accepted the position of ensign under the royal standard.

Hatred and malice seemed to rule him from that time, and he was ever active in plots against his former friends. He became notorious as a spy, and not long before this very time had been captured, and sentenced to be hanged. Indeed, he already had been led upon the gallows, and was about to have the noose placed about his neck, when Washington, overcome by the tears and pleadings of the spy's mother, had released and pardoned the traitor on the one condition that he would reform.

Joe Bettys had promised readily enough, but had gone directly from Washington's camp to that of the enemy, and instead of any feeling of gratitude, had redoubled his energy and evil deeds. Murders, plundering, and burning the homes of the Whigs had followed ; and of late he had been unusually active in kidnapping isolated colonials, and sending them to Canada for exchange. He had no forebodings of his fate then ; but when, a year later, he again was captured, and soon after was executed at Albany, all the region breathed a sigh of relief.

His companion at this time was John Waltermeyer, as eager a Tory and bitter a partisan as he ; but as he was lacking in some of the bolder qualities of Bettys, he was better in executing the plans

of others than in devising them himself. And Bettys had met him by appointment, and had been explaining to him the details of his proposal.

The spy was disguised, but none the less he was watchful and nervous; and his suspicions had been aroused by the entrance of a stranger, who, while he gave no signs of his being aware of the presence of others in the room, nevertheless had impressed Bettys that his quick glance and keen eyes were not unmindful of passing events.

"I know him," said Waltermeyer. "He's one of the strongest loyalists in Albany. You need have no fears of him."

"I don't just like his looks, though," replied Bettys. "Come out into the yard;" and the two men arose and left the house.

"Now, mind," continued Bettys, when he and his friend were once outside, "I'll see that you have a gang of just the right sort. Some of the Tories will be glad to go in, and I'll have some Canadians and Indians along too. It won't do to trust too much to the locals, for they may be weak-kneed at the last."

"All right," replied Waltermeyer, who had decided to do as the spy directed. "You have them at the meeting of the roads, about five miles out of the town, to-morrow evening, and I'll be there."

"I'll not fail," replied Bettys. "Good luck to you, and good-by," he added, as he stood for a

moment and watched his friend as he mounted his horse, and soon disappeared in the darkness. Then the spy himself started northward, just as the stranger, whom he had suspected, appeared in the doorway of the tavern.

"A bold plan, but it ought not to work. In fact, much as I dislike to, I think I'll have to take a hand in it myself. A man's friends sometimes may be higher than King George himself," murmured the stranger to himself.

And what was the "bold plan" to which he had referred? Nothing less than the kidnapping of General Schuyler. For some time the general had not been in active service; but although he was staying in his large and beautiful home near Albany, he was by no means idle. Washington had given him special instructions to intercept all communications between Clinton, who then was in New York, and General Haldimand in Canada.

Few men had won the confidence and respect of the American commander as had Philip Schuyler, and few men were more feared by the British. His service had been great, and he always had shown the spirit of a true man as well as of a brave soldier; and although he had given up his position in the Continental army, there was no one the British would have been more delighted to capture than he.

On the evening following the interview we have

described, John Waltermeyer was at the cross-roads, awaiting the coming of the band which the spy had promised. He had not been there long before he heard the sounds of approaching men. He stepped behind one of the large trees that grew by the roadside, and waited for them to come near. They were talking in low tones; but as soon as he heard them he was satisfied that they were the men he wanted, and giving the watch-word agreed upon, approached and joined them.

They made up a motley crowd of a dozen men. He recognized some as former acquaintances, but the Indians and Tories were all strangers. Relying upon the word of Joe Bettys that they could be depended upon, he immediately entered into conversation, and arranged his plans. In a brief time they all had approached the home of General Schuyler, and were peering from behind the pine-trees and shrubbery that grew about the place.

The lights in the house had disappeared, and it was evident that all within had retired. Disappointed, Waltermeyer withdrew his band, and prepared for the night.

The next day a careful watch was kept, but the opportunity they desired did not present itself. Frequently the general came out upon the lawn; but he was always attended, and the cowardly men wanted to catch him alone. Sometimes he was seated on the broad piazza, playing with his

youngest child, and sometimes he was with one of his daughters and her children; but servants in each case were not far away, and the attempt could not be made.

Several days passed in this manner, and Waltermeyer found his men becoming restless. Something must be done. Starting out alone, he soon returned to the camp they had made in the woods, attended by a Dutchman whom he had met and compelled to accompany him.

"Now, Hans," said Waltermeyer, when he had called his band about him, "we want to know just how many men are in Schuyler's house."

"Yah," replied Hans, turning his round, expressionless face from one man to another. "Yah; dere vas men, also vimins dere" —

"Yes, but how many?" asked Waltermeyer impatiently.

"I should dink dere vas," replied Hans.

"But how many?" repeated the Tory.

"Shust aboud enough," answered the laconic Dutchman.

"But doesn't Schuyler ever leave home? Doesn't he go alone? When does he go to Albany?" The leader, almost hopeless, was changing the line of his questions.

"Yah; he goes to Albany. Sometimes mit de soldiers — but always mit de guns. General Schuyler, he know how to shood."

At length, by dint of many questions, Waltermeyer contrived to gain some of the information he was seeking; and with many threats of what would befall him if he revealed the presence of his men, or repeated the questions he had asked, he dismissed the Dutchman, and watched him as he departed down the road.

His heart would not have been comforted if he could have followed him; for Hans proceeded directly to General Schuyler's home, and was with him a long time in his private room. When at last he arose to go, he met on the piazza the man of whom Joe Bettys had been suspicious during his interview with John Waltermeyer.

He, too, remained in the general's private room for half an hour; and when his host accompanied him to the door he said, "I thank you, my friend. We are on opposite sides in this fearful struggle; but you have placed friendship above country, and I should be less than a man did I not heed two such warnings as I have just had."

"But you'll protect yourself, will you not?" said the Tory.

"Never fear, my friend," replied the general, with a smile. "I shall do as you suggest."

As a result of these two warnings, General Schuyler obtained a guard of six men, three of whom were to be on duty by day, and three by night.

Several days passed, and no signs of the kidnapers appeared. The family began to think the alarm had been needless, and that if there had been any danger, it had now passed. The guard, however, was not dismissed, and all due precautions still were observed. More than a week had passed now since the interview of Joe Bettys with John Waltermeyer, and the general was hoping that the project had been abandoned.

It had been an exceedingly sultry day, even for August; and after the evening meal the general and his family were sitting in the large front hall, enjoying the cool breeze which had just sprung up. The servants were scattered about the place; and the three men who had been on guard during the day were asleep in the basement of the house, while the three who were on duty were lying on the cool grass in the garden. The children were playing about their elders, and all were rejoicing that the cause for alarm had passed, as they supposed.

"General, there's a man who wants to speak with you at the back gate," said one of the servants, approaching the house.

"I know what that means," said General Schuyler, immediately arising. "I want every one of you," he added, turning to his family, "to go to the room upstairs. Don't wait, but go immediately."

The frightened women and children quickly obeyed; and the general, calling to the servants, barred the doors and locked the windows. As soon as he saw that this had been done, he ran to his bedroom for his gun.

He stepped to the window in his room for a moment and looked out. What was that he saw? The sun had set, but there was light enough to enable him to see that the house was surrounded by men. It was a moment of danger; but the guard must be aroused, and perhaps the town might be alarmed also; so out of the open window he fired his gun, and then quickly drew the heavy shutters and fastened them. He was just in time; for a volley was fired by the ruffians, and he could hear the *thud* of the bullets as they struck against the house.

All was confusion now. With a shout, the band started for the door of the hall. They had brought rails and heavy pieces of timber with them, and an exultant yell soon showed that they had succeeded in breaking down the door. A crowd of men rushed into the house, and began to shout for the general to give himself up and save all further trouble. His family were all in the room with him now; but the darkness concealed the pallor on their cheeks, and not a word had been uttered.

Just as the Tories burst into the hall, Mrs. Schuyler thought of the baby she had left in the

nursery below. In the confusion, each had thought another had brought the little one, and the mother had just discovered her loss.

"My baby! my baby!" she cried. "I shall go for it. They will murder it. I know they will!"

"Nay," said the general, as he firmly grasped his frantic wife; "it will be at the forfeit of your life; and the ruffians may not touch it."

"Then I shall go," said Margaret, his third daughter; and before she could be restrained she had rushed from the room, run down the two flights of stairs, and gained the nursery.

The babe was sleeping in the cradle, all unconscious of danger; and in a moment Margaret had snatched up the little one, still asleep, and started to return.

She had just gained the stairs when she was stopped by one of the men, who roughly grasped her by the arm. It was John Waltermeyer himself; but she did not know him, nor was he aware who it was before him. Plainly enough she was a young woman; and, as she held a babe in her arms, he at once concluded that she must be one of the servants.

"Wench, wench," he shouted, "where is your master?"

Margaret Schuyler was greatly frightened, but she did not lose her presence of mind. Almost like an inspiration a quick thought came; and rais-

ing her voice so that she could be heard in the room above, she replied, "He's gone to alarm the town."

John Waltermeyer hesitated. If that were true, not a moment ought to be lost in making their escape. His men were in the dining-room now, and he could hear them as they collected the silver, quarrelling among themselves. Evidently the general's silver was as desirable as the general's person, and the ruffians had decided to secure what was nearest first.

While the leader was hesitating, he heard a voice calling out of the window above, "Come on, my brave fellows ; surround the house, and secure the villains ! They are now in the dining-room, plundering !"

That was enough. The leader did not know that not a soldier was about the place, nor that the call was made by the general, who had followed up the words of his quick-witted daughter. Not a "brave fellow" was near ; and even the guards in the cellar, awakened by the confusion, could not find their guns. They did not know till afterwards that General Schuyler's daughter, Mrs. Church, had removed them all, confident that all danger had passed, and fearful that her little boy, who delighted in playing with them, might be injured.

"Run, boys !" shouted the frightened Waltermeyer. "The Continentals are all around us !"

His companions needed no second warning, and delaying only long enough to secure their booty and capture the three guards on the lawn, began to run ; and the early records inform us that they never stopped until they arrived on the borders of Canada.

The guards, although they had no guns, used their brawny arms and fists to good advantage ; and if there had been a little more light, might have escaped after all. Afterwards they had no cause to regret their capture, however ; for the records inform us of farms in Saratoga County presented by General Schuyler to John Tubbs, John Corlies, and John Ward. John must have been a popular name in those days.

But General Schuyler was saved ; and the heroism of his quick-witted daughter, who afterward became the wife of General Van Rensselaer, deserves a place among the stories of the days that tried the souls of men.

III

AN ESCAPE FROM THE PRISON-SHIP — THE JERSEY

THOMAS ANDROS was a prisoner on board the Jersey. In the summer of 1781 he had left his home in Massachusetts, and, with some of the men in the congregation to which he preached, had joined the crew of a privateer; but only a few weeks had passed before the swift sloop was taken, and now the young preacher was a prisoner. His name was registered as soon as he was received on board the prison-ship; and he had been assigned to his place in a mess of six, and then sent below into the hold.

As soon as his eyes became accustomed to the darkness, he looked about him at his fellow-prisoners, of whom there were a thousand at the time. Filth was on every side of him, and the air was so foul that he hardly could breathe. Many of his companions were ill; and dysentery, small-pox, and prison-fever abounded. Vermin crawled over the filthy and tattered clothing of the men, and despair and hunger were expressed on almost every face.

"Hell can't be worse than this," said the young preacher, with a shudder, to the man nearest him.

"You may well say that," said the man, whom Andros perceived to be gray-headed. His face was thin, and his scanty clothing but partially covered his emaciated form. "Hell" was the name by which the Jersey came to be known, but neither knew it at the time.

"Is there no hope?" asked Andros.

"None," replied the man. "The British don't consider the crews of privateers as prisoners of war; and the Americans don't want to exchange able-bodied soldiers for such wrecks of men as you see here."

"But don't any escape?" said Andros.

"Not many from the Jersey. A few got away from the Whitby and Good Hope, but that has made the British more watchful. Nine sea-captains and two privates on the Good Hope made a rush one night, and disarmed the guard and made off in a yawl. They were fired upon, but escaped in the darkness. Fifteen got away on the ice last winter; and then others tried it, but they couldn't stand the cold and were caught. One poor fellow was frozen to death before they could bring him back to the prison. A few others have gone, but not many."

All night long Andros could not sleep. It seemed to him that he was in torment; and the

hopelessness of his companion's words was uppermost in his mind. He knew the Jersey was guarded by a captain, two mates, a cook, and a crew of a dozen sailors; and that in addition there were twelve old marines and thirty soldiers on board.

At daybreak the hatches were opened; and he heard the call, "Rebels, turn out your dead!"

The dead were selected from the living, each corpse was sewed in a blanket, and carried to the shore under a guard, and buried in a shallow grave. Andros, being one of the latest prisoners and presumably stronger, was selected as one of the men to assist in this sad duty; and he returned to the ship with his heart bitter, and resolved to escape or perish. To remain there was impossible!

In messes of six the men received their food. Mouldy and wormy biscuit, damaged pease, some condemned beef or pork, with possibly a little sour meal, were measured out to each man, and cooked in a huge copper kettle. Those who had a little money were able to purchase something in addition of an old woman who came on board each day.

But Thomas Andros, with all his sufferings, did not lose heart. No one knew what he had in mind, but he was ever on the watch. He was faithful and obedient, and none were suspicious of him. Two or three times he thought his opportunity had come, but he was prevented on each occasion.

One night, just at dusk, he was sent ashore with a guard for water. They landed on the shore of Long Island. Several times Andros carried his bucket full of water from the spring to the barrels in the yawl. As he started on his fourth trip, the guard became careless. Andros glanced all about him, and suddenly decided that his time had come. With a spring he pushed the unsuspecting guard to the ground, and bounded swiftly towards the woods in the distance.

In a moment the guard regained his feet, and fired at the fleeing preacher. Andros heard the bullet as it whistled past his head, but he did not falter. A shout brought the companions of the guard about him and the pursuit was begun. The prisoner knew he was too weak to run far or fast, and soon crept under a clump of bushes. On swept the pursuers. Would they discover him?

One almost stepped upon his crouching body; but the darkness favored him, and he was still unseen. He waited until they had gone, and then, quickly arising, ran with all his strength away from his place of concealment. Stumbling and falling in his weakness, he yet kept on till he heard the sound of approaching footsteps. He looked about for bushes, but none were to be seen. His only chance was to hide behind a tree; and, taking his stand there, he waited for the newcomer. If there

were more than one he knew he would be discovered. How his heart was beating! Surely it would be heard if his pursuers came near. There, he could see the man now, and he was coming directly toward the tree! But there was only one. Should he step forth and meet him?

He quickly decided, that, as the man was armed and could summon aid, such a course would be useless, and his weakness would avail little against these well-kept men. No; his only course lay in concealment, and he waited for the man to approach. Nearer and nearer he came, and Andros slowly circled the tree. The guard drew near enough for him to have touched his arm; but he did not know how close the prisoner was, and passed on.

For a half-hour Andros waited, not daring to move. The only sounds he heard were the calls of the night birds and the whisperings of the wind. But he must not remain there; and, summoning all his strength, he again started on. But suppose he should lose his way? He did not know anything of the region except that it abounded in Tories; but on he must go. In a brief time he came to a highway; and choosing, as he thought, the direction that led eastward, he began to run.

Hark! what was that? A horseman was approaching. Had they aroused the neighborhood? He must take no chances; and he threw himself on the ground, and tried to conceal himself in the

high grass. The horseman was near now, and was whistling as he came.

Suddenly the horse snorted and jumped aside. The rider, taken unawares, was thrown from his back. With an oath he leaped to his feet, and caught the horse, which had not run far. "What frightened you, Gypsy?" said the man. "You started as though you had seen a Whig. Don't you know the difference between a man and a log yet? But I'll see what it was," and he began to search along the roadside.

"Surely," thought Andros, "now I shall be found;" but in a few minutes the man abandoned his search, and, quickly remounting, rode away.

Again Andros arose, and pushed forward in the darkness. He must not delay now. All night the wretched prisoner kept on, now running, and now compelled to stop from exhaustion. The next day he rested until afternoon, but he was almost famished. Food he must have, and at last he approached a house by the roadside. His knock was answered, and he entered. A man, evidently a tailor, was working at a table, and near him was his wife.

— "I am almost starving, my good woman. Will you feed me?"

A bowl of bread and milk was placed before him, and the preacher ate as only a famished man can. He did not look up until the bowl was

empty, and then he discovered that the man was gone.

"Here, take this," said the woman, placing an apple-pie in his hands. "I don't want to know who you are. Don't tell me; but don't stay here."

His strength somewhat restored now, Andros needed no second bidding, and ran up the road. He soon came to a clump of trees, and resolved to hide and wait for a time there; and it was well that he did, for in a few moments two men on horseback approached, and halted near enough for him to hear their words. His heart sank as he recognized the tailor as one of the men.

"I'm sure he was an escaping prisoner," said the tailor; "and he started up this way."

"We'll soon overtake him, then," replied his companion; and they started up the road.

"I'll wait till they come back," thought Andros; but as they did not come when the darkness fell, he resumed his flight. His apple-pie served till the next day, and then he knew he must try again. He approached a respectable-looking house, and a woman met him at the door. She listened to his request for food, and then said, "Get out, or I'll set the dog on you. Maybe you're the man that escaped from the Jersey I've heard about. Here, Maje!" she called to the dog.

Andros turned and ran, with the dog swiftly pursuing. He stopped when he found he could

run no farther, and with all his strength flung a stone. The dog howled, and with drooping tail turned and ran down the road.

On and on went Andros, spurred now by the knowledge that his escape was known. For an hour he ran, but could go no farther. "I'll try once more," he said, and approached a house in which he could see a light.

In response to his request he was admitted ; and a benevolent-looking old lady, without a word, placed food before him. A bowl of bread and milk, a dried bluefish roasted, and a mug of cider soon disappeared. Bedtime came. The old man took his Bible and read aloud, and then all stood up while he prayed. "I'll tell them," thought Andros ; and then he told his story. A flood of tears was the answer of the old lady ; and then she said, "Husband, let us bake his clothes."

The old man threw fresh wood on the fire, and his wife wrapped the prisoner in blankets, and placed his filthy clothing in the huge oven. Soon the feeble man was asleep in a clean bed, and resting like a tired babe.

Nothing would do the next day but for the old man to carry Andros on his journey ; and when at last he arrived at Sag Harbor he found friends who carried him across the Sound, and at last he made his way to his home in Berkley.

"O Thomas ! where have you been ?" said his

wife, with a wild cry, as the tottering man stood before her.

"I've been in hell," answered Andros, as he fell in a swoon.

For many long weeks they nursed him through the fever that followed, not knowing that the name he had given the Jersey had clung to her, and that among the colonies she never ceased to be so called.

Thomas Andros recovered, but for years the story of his escape was a thrilling tale in the new nation.

IV

COLONEL ROBERT COCHRAN — THE SPY

ROBERT COCHRAN was a spy from the American army, and was returning from a visit in Canada, whither his superiors had sent him. His object had been attained; and now, if he could successfully cover the few miles that yet lay between him and his own country, he would be safe. But he had been startled, when he had approached the tavern in the settlement he had just left, to see posted upon the door an accurate description of himself, and an offer of a reward of fifty guineas for his capture.

There was no more ardent patriot in all the colonies than Robert Cochran. Already he had won a colonel's commission, and at the time of Burgoyne's invasion had taken an active part. At the head of two hundred militiamen he had held Fort Edward against the British, and had so won the confidence of all that he had been chosen for this dangerous visit to Canada, from which he was now returning.

It had been a long time since he had tasted

food, and he was feeling almost famished and very weak. How he did wish those twenty-five miles yet to be covered lay behind him. He knew that the offer of a reward for his capture had increased his danger, and he was certain his greatest peril was yet to be faced. But hungry and tired as he was, he started resolutely onward, assured that the forest would afford him a hiding-place if one should be needed, and he was fearful that at any moment it might be.

Suddenly his thoughts were interrupted by the clatter of a horse's hoofs. Some one was approaching, but before the spy could find a shelter he saw that the stranger had seen him. To attempt to conceal himself now would only increase his danger; so putting on a bold face, he started resolutely forward. The horseman glanced keenly at him as he passed, but did not speak, and soon disappeared. That danger was passed, and there was one less to be faced; for every stranger might suspect him now, and the weary Robert somehow felt that every one must be as interested in that notice on the tavern door as he himself was.

He soon came to a little clearing. On the farther side was a log house, and behind it were two rude barns. The stumps of the fallen trees and piles of brush lay all about, and the picture before him was as desolate and forlorn as was the inner man of Colonel Robert.

But he had little time to consider the scenery, for again he had caught the sound of horsemen behind him. Perhaps it was the man he had met a little before. No, there were more than one. He might be returning with others, and searching for the spy.

"Fifty guineas are worth saving," said Cochran, smiling grimly, and looking about for a place of concealment. It was too far to return to the forest, for he would be seen before he could gain its shelter. He might hide behind one of the stumps, but he feared he would be discovered there. Running swiftly, he tore apart one of the heaps of brush, and had just covered himself, when, peering between the branches, he saw three men on horseback, accompanied by a dog, come forth from the forest. The horses were walking now, and the dog was close behind. Cochran could see that the men were talking eagerly, but he could not hear their words.

Suddenly the dog stopped. "He'll track me, and I'm lost," thought the spy; and in a moment the dog was before the brush-heap, barking furiously. But the men gave no heed to him, for they were too busy to pay any attention to a dog which would dig out every woodchuck along the roadside. Cochran held his knife in readiness; and when the men had passed, with a sudden lunge he drove it into the dog's side. "Poor fellow," he said,

“you’re not to blame, but you’ll never hunt woodchucks again, nor spies either.”

But the strangers had gone on to the door of the house, and then dismounted. One took the horses to the barn, and the others entered the house.

“Maybe that’s their home,” thought Cockran. “If it is, it means I shall have to stay here till dark. Well, I’ve been in worse places;” and he tried to resign himself to the long waiting.

A half-hour had barely passed before a change came over the sky. Rugged man that he was, not even his body could endure the strain to which it had been subjected, and he began to feel ill. He was trembling as in an ague. Everything appeared to be turning swiftly around. Violent pains seized him, and wrung from him groans which any passer-by might have heard.

For another half-hour he endured his suffering, and then crawled feebly from his hiding-place. Help he must have, and the only place to seek it was in the log house. He knew the men were yet there, but perhaps they would not suspect him after all. Indeed, he did not believe his own wife or daughter would have recognized him as he then was; but however that might be, he struggled on until he was near the house. Through the open window he could hear the voices of the people within.

Ill as he was, he suddenly stopped. What was that he heard? Surely not his own name? Yes, there it was again, "Colonel Cochran." Almost in despair, he sank to the ground; but he was so near the window that he still could hear the conversation, and it was all about himself. "We'll get him and the fifty guineas too," said one of the men. "We met Tom Clark up the road, and he said he saw just such an ill-looking vagabond as this Cochran coming this way. I'm sure 'twas the spy. As soon as we've had our dinner, we'll start out again."

"Well, dinner's ready now," he heard a woman say. "Draw up your chairs."

The sounds that followed left no doubt in Cochran's mind that her invitation was heeded. But what was to become of him? There he was, the very spy they were seeking, and within a few yards of them. If one of them should come to the door, he surely would be seen. He must attempt something.

He thought of the barn, and began to drag himself slowly towards it. With many struggles and groans he kept on, till at last he managed to open the door. The three waiting horses greeted him with a whinny. He could not hide there, for the men would soon come. But neither could he drag himself to the other barn. He must try something where he was. He noticed the low hayloft,

and the rude, short ladder which led to it. Up this he slowly dragged himself ; and just as he had succeeded in covering himself with the hay, leaving only space enough for him to peer through, his heart sank again, for he saw the men come forth from the house, and start towards the barn.

They quickly took the horses, and, leaving the door unfastened, leaped upon their backs, and soon disappeared up the road. But freed from that immediate danger, Colonel Cochran had more time to think of himself, and his thoughts were not at all satisfactory. His sufferings increased every moment ; and when an hour had gone, it seemed to him that if he remained where he was he would surely die. He must do something, and, forming a quick resolution, he crept forth from under the hay, and began to descend the ladder.

Several times he almost fell, and managed to retain his position only by grasping the rounds, and waiting for the barn, which seemed to whirl and toss before him like an angry sea, to become still. Twice in the short distance to the house he was compelled to lie down, and once consciousness left him. But at last, after what seemed a struggle of many hours, he stood before the kitchen door, and feebly rapped.

His call was not heeded ; and he had to repeat it before the door was opened, and the woman, whose voice he had heard, stood before him. In

his desperation he did not hesitate; and, as he spoke, he was rejoiced to see her face soften, and her eyes fill with tears.

"Woman," said the colonel, "I'm a sick man, and I don't know but I'm going to die. I'm the spy, Robert Cochran, I heard the men talking about in this house, but I'm a man, and I've a wife and daughter across the border; and if you have any compassion for your own sex or for the suffering, I beg of you to aid me."

Dame McDonald was a prompt woman, and her quick decision did not fail her now. "Poor man! Of course I'll shelter you;" and she assisted the trembling and almost fainting spy to enter. Nor was that all; for she immediately prepared some gruel, which she insisted that the famished man should eat. Restored by the food and the simple remedies his hostess quickly prepared, the colonel soon began to feel better.

"Now you must have a good rest. That's what you need more than any medicine. You must take a good nap;" and she assisted the spy to the bed, which was in the general living-room of the house.

When a house contains but three rooms, all the space has to be utilized. What a relief was that to the worn Robert when he found himself stretched upon the bed. Never had one been more grateful, and hope revived; for with the tender care of the good woman and a sleep of an hour or two, he was

positive that soon he could renew his journey, and the border was not very far distant.

He had just fallen into a heavy slumber when he was aroused by the words of his hostess: "Man, wake up! You must get up right away! My husband and the men are coming back. I can see them down the road; and if they find you here, there'll be no escape for you."

Robert was awake in a moment, but so dazed that he hardly could grasp the meaning of the woman's words.

"You can't leave the house," she quickly added, "for they'll see you. You must hide in this cupboard;" and following her advice, he soon concealed himself in the farther end of the "cupboard," behind some garments that hung upon the pegs in the side walls. He hardly had done this before the men entered the room.

"What luck, Richard?" inquired the woman.

"No luck at all, so far," replied her husband. "We couldn't find any trace of him. If we'd had the dog along we might have done better, but I don't know what's become of him."

The spy smiled as he heard the words, for he knew the dog would never go with his master again. He hoped his body would not be discovered soon. A discovery might be unpleasant just then.

"We'll find him though, and then just think

what the fifty guineas will do, Sarah. My, it'll make us all rich! But I want my other powder-horn, and then we'll start on again. It's in this cupboard."

"I'll get it for you," said his wife quickly. "A man never can find anything."

"Can't, eh? Well, I'll find that. I know where I left it," and he entered the "cupboard" as he spoke.

The trembling spy crouched lower. It seemed to him that his very breathing must be heard as the man went slowly from one peg to another, feeling for the string of his powder-horn. The little room was dim, however, and the unsuspecting man was intent only upon his search.

"Here, let me get it," said his wife a moment later, and she stepped inside. Some instinct must have aided her, for her hand at once fell upon the missing horn, and, bringing it into the room she said, "There, didn't I tell you so? A man never can find anything."

All the men laughed, and soon, with many expressions of their confidence in their ability to find the spy, took their horses and left the place.

"That'll never do," said Mistress McDonald, as Cochran came into the room. "You escaped this time, but you'll not do it again. But never mind," she added, as she noticed the pallor on his face, "we'll fix it all right. There's a little sugar-house

out beyond the clearing. They'll never think of looking there in the summer-time. You go there, and I'll look after you for a spell. You'll get away all right. I'm not the woman to care more for a little gold than I do for a suffering mortal ;" and, grasping the feeble man by the shoulder, the strong and resolute woman aided him to the sugar-house in the forest. She brought blankets from the house, and made him a comfortable bed, and for five days fed and watched over him.

The men did not give up their search, but, like many other people, looked for success far from home ; and as a consequence the spy was undiscovered, and rapidly regained his strength under the care of his tender-hearted nurse.

When five days had passed he felt that he was strong enough to resume his journey. "I'll never forget you," he said, as he bade the noble woman good-by.

All night he continued on his way, and, hiding by day, on the second night crossed the border, and found himself safe within his own lines.

And did he ever see Mistress McDonald again ? Yes. Several years after the war was ended, Colonel Cochran, loved and respected by all, was living at Ticonderoga. One summer afternoon, as he sat on the broad piazza in front of his home, he saw a wagon with a man and woman in it stop, and the man leap out to let his horse drink at

the trough the colonel had provided by the roadside.

The colonel glanced carelessly at the strangers; but as he noticed the woman, he suddenly started.

"Are you Mistress McDonald?" he said, as he approached the wagon.

"Yes, that is my name," replied the woman, evidently not recognizing him.

"Well, I'm Colonel Robert Cochran, the spy whom your husband tried to capture. You couldn't take him, but your wife did," he said to the man who was staring blankly at him. "You wait here a minute."

The colonel ran into the house, and soon returned, bringing a little leather bag in his hand. "The poster up in Canada said my head was worth fifty guineas. Well, it was worth as much as that to me; and for years I have kept this money to give to this noble woman, who captured me when the men couldn't."

When an hour later Mistress McDonald rode away with her husband, as the colonel watched them as far as he could see them down the road, he could not determine whether she was informing her husband of the part she had taken in the escape of the spy or not, and indeed it is not known to this day.

As for Colonel Cochran, he lived to be a man eighty-four years of age, and died just at the break-

ing out of the war of 1812. His body was buried within a few feet of the spot where the remains of poor Jane McCrea lay; and almost together the plain headstones have stood to record the deeds and lives of two of the sharers in the great struggle of our fathers.

V

SARATOGA SONG

OUR fathers were very fond of ballads and war-songs. These "poems" appeared in many of the papers, and were learned and sung by the soldiers when they entered upon a battle, or chanted by them if they were so fortunate as to win the day.

This "poem," or song, was very popular during the closing years of the Revolution, and had several titles, among them being "A Song for the Red Coats," "North Campaign," and "Gates' Song." It is given here not because of any literary merit, but to show the feelings of the people at the time, and the manner in which they expressed them. The author is unknown.

Come unto me, ye heroes
Whose hearts are true and bold,
Who value more your honor
Than others do their gold ;
Give ear unto my story,
And I the truth will tell,
Concerning many a soldier
Who for his country fell.

Burgoyne, the king's commander,
From Canada set sail ;
With full eight thousand regulars,
He thought he could not fail ;
With Indians and Canadians,
And his cursèd Tory crew,
On board his fleet of shipping
He up the Champlain flew.

Before Ticonderoga,
The first day of July,
Appeared his ships and army,
And we did them espy.
Their motions we observed,
Full well both night and day,
And our brave boys prepared
To have a bloody fray.

Our garrison, they viewed them,
And straight their troops did land ;
And when St. Clair, our chieftain,
The fact did understand,
That they the Mount Defiance
Were bent to fortify,
He found we must surrender,
Or else prepare to die.

The fifth day of July, then,
He ordered a retreat ;
And when next morn we started,
Burgoyne thought we were beat.
And closely he pursued us,
Till when near Hubbardton,
Our rear guards were defeated,
He thought the country won.

And when 'twas told in Congress
That we our forts had left,

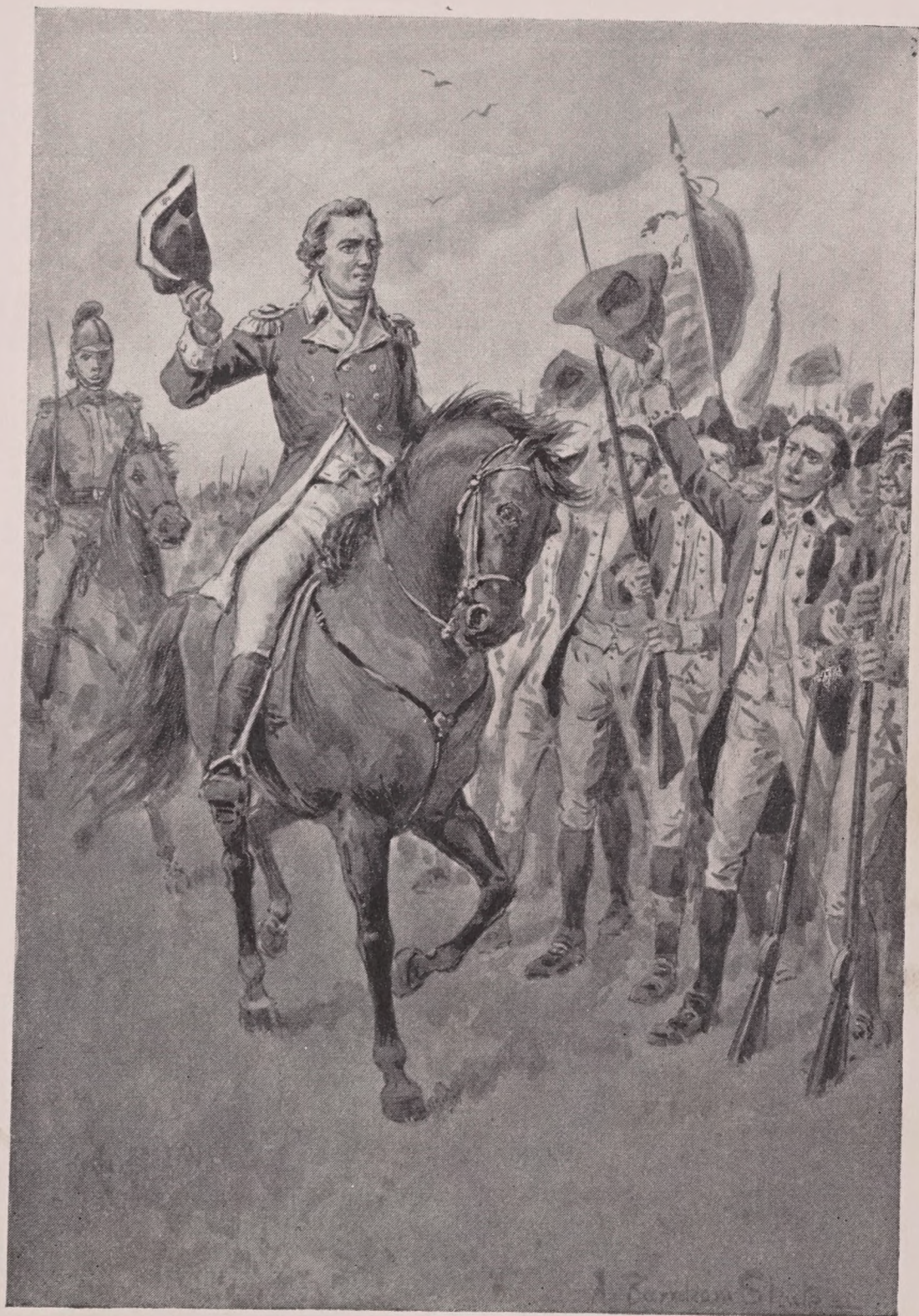
To Albany retreated
 Of all the North bereft,
 Brave General Gates they sent us,
 Our fortunes to retrieve,
 And him, with shouts of gladness,
 The army did receive.

Where first the Mohawk's waters
 Do in the sunshine play,
 For Herkimer's brave soldiers
 Sellinger ambushed lay;
 And them he there defeated,
 But soon he had his due,
 And scared by Brooks and Arnold,
 He to the north withdrew.

To take the stores and cattle
 That we had gathered then,
 Burgoyne sent a detachment
 Of fifteen hundred men;
 By Baum they were commanded,
 To Bennington they went;
 To plunder and to murder
 Was fully their intent.

But little did they know then
 With whom they had to deal;
 It was not quite so easy
 Our stores and stocks to steal.
 Bold Stark would give them only
 A portion of his lead;
 With half his crew, ere sunset,
 Baum lay among the dead.

The nineteenth of September,
 The morning cool and clear,
 Brave Gates rode through our army,
 Each soldier's heart to cheer;



"AND HIM WITH SHOUTS OF GLADNESS THE ARMY DID
RECEIVE."

“Burgoyne,” he cried, “advances,
But we will never fly;
No—rather than surrender,
We’ll fight him till we die.”

The news was quickly brought us,
The enemy was near,
And all along our lines then,
There was no sign of fear;
It was above Stillwater
We met at noon that day,
And every one expected
To see a bloody fray.

Six hours the battle lasted,
Each heart as true as gold,
The British fought like lions,
And we like Yankees bold;
The leaves with blood were crimson,
And then did brave Gates cry,
“’Tis diamond now cut diamond!
We’ll beat them, boys, or die.”

The darkness soon approaching,
It forced us to retreat
Into our lines till morning,
Which made them think us beat;
But ere the sun was risen
They saw before their eyes
Us ready to engage them,
Which did them much surprise.

Of fighting they seem weary,
Therefore to work they go,
Their thousand dead to bury,
And breastworks up to throw;

With grape and bombs intending
 Our army to destroy,
 Or from our works our forces
 By stratagem decoy.

The seventh day of October
 The British tried again,
 Shells from their cannon throwing
 Which fell on us like rain ;
 To drive us from our stations,
 That they might thus retreat ;
 For now Burgoyne saw plainly,
 He never could us beat.

But vain was his endeavor,
 Our men to terrify ;
 Though death was all around us,
 Not one of us would fly.
 But when an hour we'd fought them,
 And they began to yield,
 Along our lines the cry ran,
 "The next blow wins the field !"

Great God who guides their battles
 Whose cause is just and true,
 Inspired our bold commander
 The course he should pursue !
 He ordered Arnold forward,
 And Brooks to follow on ;
 The enemy was routed !
 Our liberty was won !

Then, burning all their luggage,
 They fled with haste and fear,
 Burgoyne with all his forces,
 To Saratogue did steer ;

And Gates, our brave commander,
Soon after him did hie,
Resolving he would take them,
Or in the effort die.

As we came nigh the village
We overtook the foe ;
They'd burned each house to ashes,
Like all where'er they go.
The seventeenth of October
They did capitulate,
Burgoyne and his proud army,
Did we our prisoners make.

Now here's a health to Arnold,
And our commander Gates,
To Lincoln and to Washington,
Whom every Tory hates ;
Likewise unto our Congress,
God grant it long to reign ;
Our Country, Right, and Justice
Forever to maintain.

Now finished is my story,
My song is at an end ;
The freedom we're enjoying
We're ready to defend ;
For while our cause is righteous,
Heaven nerves the soldier's arm,
And vain is their endeavor
Who strive to do us harm.

VI.

FIGHTING THE BRITISH WITH BEES

"THE redcoats are coming! I can hear their bugles down the road."

Young John Clarke ran towards his home shouting these words one morning in August, 1780. Although he was but fifteen years of age, he had been for several weeks the sole protector of his mother and sisters; for his father and brothers were in the Continental army with Sumter, and had had a share in the capture of the redoubt at Wateree Ford, and of the forty-four supply wagons which had been sent from Ninety-Six. But Cornwallis and Tarleton were sharp in their pursuit, and all the friends of the colonies were alarmed, as well they might be.

John Clarke was returning from the woods whither he had led the one lean cow that remained of all the stock on the farm; for Tarleton's men had raided it of all else. Difficult as it was to provide something to eat, the constant fear of assaults by the British was even worse, and this morning all his fears seemed to be realized when he heard the bugles in the road.

"Perhaps they won't come here," said his mother. "It's fortunate our house is so far from the road."

John shook his head. He knew from the tone of his mother's voice that she was fearful, and he watched her as she busied herself in hiding the few valuables which yet remained. He soon went out to the piazza, and, standing by one of the low posts, kept his eyes on the place where the British would first appear.

There was nothing in all the landscape, however, to indicate the presence of danger. The leaves upon the trees were motionless, and the glare of the August sun was over all. The locusts were busy, and he could see the bees as they went in and out of the row of hives that stood by one side of the lane that led from the house to the road. It was an ideal summer day; but John's observations were suddenly interrupted by the blasts of buglers, and the approaching men swept into sight around the bend in the road.

"There must be fifty of them," said John. "About half of them are redcoats and half are Tories," he added, as he saw that only a portion were clad in the British uniform.

He was not left long in doubt as to their intentions, however; for, after halting a moment by the entrance to the lane, the entire body swerved from their course, and started towards the house.

"They're coming up the lane, mother," he said, as he entered the room. "We'll have to act as if we're not afraid, if we are so frightened that we don't know our names."

His mother smiled, but John noticed that she was very pale. But she was a resolute woman, and already had had experience with the British officers, as many of the South Carolina mothers had.

"We'll do our best," she said as she sent the girls up-stairs, and took her place beside John on the piazza, to await the approach of the soldiers. They all were mounted, and the horses plainly had been ridden hard. The leader called a halt as his troops drew near the house; and, leaping to the ground, he took off his hat, and, bowing low, advanced to speak to Mrs. Clarke.

"Have I the pleasure of addressing Mistress Clarke?"

"Yes, sir," she replied, waiting for him to declare his errand.

"I have no doubt, madam, that you are loyal to your king."

"I had a king once, but I have none now. Perhaps you will better know my feelings when I tell you that my husband and two of my sons are now with Sumter."

"Doubtless I shall soon have the pleasure of making their acquaintance," replied the soldier



“HAVE I THE PLEASURE OF ADDRESSING MISTRESS
CLARK?”

Page 50

with a sneer. "Indeed, we are bound upon that errand now. But, meanwhile, we are in need of supplies, and, in spite of your feelings, must search your place."

"I hear you need supplies," replied the undaunted woman, "for it is reported that some forty of your wagons are in the hands of the patriots."

The soldier's face took on a scowl as he replied, "Unfortunately they are; but mark my words, my good woman, the rebels won't eat much. They'll soon lose their appetites. But meanwhile I must see what can be had here."

"Your men have stolen everything already, and you'll not find anything."

But the soldier made no reply, and with three of his followers began to search the house. Others were sent to the barn, and for a few minutes nothing was said by John or his mother. But the lad was not one to give up idly, although fifty redcoats were near. Suddenly his face lighted up. He had thought of a plan by which he might overcome these invaders of the home, but he said nothing to his mother of the project in his mind.

"We are not able to find anything here, but I doubt not you have something of use to us concealed somewhere," said the leader.

"So we have," spoke up John quickly. "We have one poor lean cow left; but she's out in the woods, and you can't get her."

"But you can, you young rebel!" replied the soldier angrily. "One cow isn't much, but it's better than nothing. You drive her in, and be quick about it."

John started obediently, apparently disregarding the reproachful looks of his mother. "Children and fools always speak the truth, madam," said the leader as John left the house. "Here! here!" he called out as he ran to the piazza. "You take one of the horses. It'll save time, and we have no more of that than we have of supplies."

John's heart leaped at the words. If he had contrived the plan himself he could not have been suited better. He started quickly for one of the horses, which had been tied to the rail fence, and leaped upon its back.

"That's all right," called out the leader to some of his men who were about to intercept John; "he's going on an errand for me."

Assured by his words, John slowly walked his horse past the men, most of whom were still mounted, and impatiently awaiting the coming of their leader. As the lad passed the row of beehives he leaned from his horse and quickly lifted one of the boxes to his shoulder. It was but the work of a minute to tear off the cover, and then he struck his horse on the neck and started him into a swift run.

Meanwhile the furious bees were not idle. They

poured forth in a stream from their broken home, ready to visit their vengeance upon their enemies. But he who had so rudely seized the hive was not the one to receive their stings, for he was going too swiftly for that.

But right near them was this body of horsemen ; and doubtless they must be the ones to blame, and the angry bees swiftly started for them. Few of the soldiers had noted the movements of John after he had passed them, and were therefore unaware of the cause of the trouble that soon beset them.

John glanced behind him as he passed out of the lane into the road. He had thrown aside the hive as soon as he was satisfied it was empty, and sped on his way. But it was a sight which he looked back upon that he never forgot. The horses were rearing, and plunging, and kicking out in every direction. Already many of the men had been thrown, and unable to discover the cause of the confusion were blaming one another, and some were using their fists upon their companions' faces.

Some of the riderless horses were running about the lane, and their riders were trying to catch them again ; but many stopped to clap their hands to their faces, and apparently forgot all about their steeds. Some of the men and horses already were disabled by the kicks which were so freely indulged in, and above all arose the cries and shouts of the soldiers in their confusion and fear.

"It's time for me to put out," said John, as he saw the leader, astonished by the cries of his men and the scene before him, run quickly from the house and join his companions. The lad accordingly leaped from his horse's back, struck him with a switch, and as he started back, he himself quickly sought the shelter of the woods by the roadside.

In spite of his danger and fear he rolled over and over upon the ground in his glee, as he saw the troopers all sweep past him. He had won; and soon returning to the house, he explained to his astonished mother and sisters what he had done.

"You never saw such a sight in your life as those men were when they passed me. Some of them had their eyes closed by the stings, and some had such swollen lips they couldn't do anything but swear. Yes, they swore like troopers;" and the boy laughed aloud as he spoke.

"Then some of them had noses swelled to the size of powder-horns, and some were rubbing their broken shins, and blaming each other for all the trouble. But they're all gone now, and it is the first time on record when the Continentals shot the redcoats with bees. I think I'll have to tell General Washington about it, for it's better than powder and balls."

VII

THE MOTHER OF GEORGE WASHINGTON

IF it be true that a man is born twenty generations before his appearance in the world, then it naturally follows that the appreciation of a man's ancestry is as necessary in understanding the man as is that of his own life and work ; and George Washington was accustomed to say that for everything he was, and had, and did, he was indebted to his mother.

Martha Washington, who shared in his life, is a familiar character ; but Mary Washington, the mother, the source and inspiration of all that Martha shared in, is comparatively an unknown woman. Yet Washington was not accustomed to "drop into poetry ;" and when he declared that he owed so much to his mother, we may be sure that he was speaking in good, sober prose, and said what he meant, and meant what he said.

HER PERSONAL APPEARANCE.

Portrait painters were not numerous in the early days, and not a picture was left of the mother of Washington. She is described, however, as having

been of medium height, with a rounded, matronly figure, and having a clearly marked face, strong and firm, and which that of her son is said to have resembled.

Indeed, there were those who said that her rugged features were more like those of a man than a woman ; but it is no cause for wonder if the young widow, left with the care of six children and a small estate, should have developed a firmness and decision of character which a woman carefully shielded and protected from contact with the world would never know.

THE HOME LIFE.

George was the eldest of six children ; and he was not quite twelve years of age when his father died, and Mary Washington was compelled to assume the duties of both father and mother. The family was dwelling near Fredericksburg at the time ; for the birthplace of George had been destroyed by fire, and a new house had been built near the Rappahannock.

The mother, intense in her love, kept her grief to herself, and aroused herself to the duty of caring for the living. And first of all she trained her children to obey. She was kind in her manner, but not demonstrative ; but behind it all lay the firmness and conviction that began now to manifest themselves. George in his home learned to obey, a lesson he later taught his soldiers and countrymen.

There was also a devout religious atmosphere in the home. Every day the mother retired to a secluded spot among the rocks and trees near her home to pray. Perhaps this custom of his mother's may have had something to do with that now famous prayer of her son's at Valley Forge. She was insistent upon works of charity, and in these trained her children to share.

The style of living was almost severe in its simplicity. This was a part of her faith; for in after years, when the problem of existence was happily solved, and she might have had a share in what was considered luxury for those times, she still maintained the quiet and simplicity of her early life. Strong, true, decided, Lafayette described her as being a mother who belonged to the type of earlier days, like the Spartan or the Roman, rather than to the women of her own times. And George's half-brother Lawrence, for Mary Ball was the second wife of Augustine Washington, was accustomed to say, even when he was a gray-headed old man, that in all his life he had never met a woman of whom he stood more in awe, or more deeply respected, than Mary Washington.

NOT ALL SERIOUSNESS.

With all her strong qualities, however, her children loved as well as respected her; and there was no place to which the young people liked more

to come than to her home. George, like most of the lads of his time, contracted a fever for the sea. He would be a sailor lad, and his brother Lawrence strengthened his hopes.

For a long time the mother protested, but finally gave her consent, though much against her will. His luggage had been carried on board the vessel, when there came a letter from her brother in England strongly protesting against the boy being allowed to enter the British navy. Strengthened in her own conviction, she even then "put her foot down," the permission was withdrawn, and George did not become a sailor, much to his mother's relief and the infinite profit of his country.

George is said to have strongly resembled his younger sister Jane; and it was a favorite prank of hers in later years, to wrap herself in a long military cloak, and donning a military hat, move about the town, receiving the salutions which the people in their innocence thought they were paying to her illustrious brother.

AS A BUSINESS WOMAN.

The care of the estate was left her by her husband; and, like the prudent woman that she was, she looked well to the ways of her household. In an old-fashioned open chaise she used to drive to her little farm near Fredericksburg. She rode about the fields, inspected the crops and buildings,

and insisted upon the men whom she employed doing exactly as she told them.

It is recorded that one time one of her agents had ventured to follow his own judgment instead of her directions, and that she rebuked him sharply, saying, "I command you. There is nothing left for you but to obey." In the duties of the home and care of her lands the time passed, and at last her son was appointed commander-in-chief of the armies of the newly-born nation. Her love and counsels had aided him thus far, and now the son did not forget the mother.

WHEN THE WAR BROKE OUT.

Martha Washington could in a measure share in some of the camp experiences of her husband ; but Mary, the mother, must be kept in quiet places and in the seclusion more appropriate to her age. Near Fredericksburg, the general found a protected and secluded place for his mother, and from time to time her suspense was relieved by the messages he sent.

One incident in particular is recalled. It was after the battle of Trenton, and the hearts of all the patriots had been stirred to fresh courage. The men who brought her word were loud in their praises of her son, and their praises we know were just ; but Mary Washington received the message calmly, although she did not attempt to conceal her pleasure, while she disclaimed all the plaudits of her son. She had always been sparing of her words of blame and praise alike.

WHEN THE WAR ENDED.

Again word was brought her after Cornwallis had surrendered at Yorktown, and the feelings of the mother were mingled with those of the true-hearted woman. She lifted her hands toward heaven, but without a tear, and speaking calmly, said, "Thank God! War will now be ended, and peace, independence, and happiness bless our country!" Then the feelings of the mother came to the front, and she said, "I am not surprised at what George has done, for he was always a very good boy." What shall be said of a mother who, in her moment of grateful happiness and pride, could place the goodness of her son in advance of his greatness?

WASHINGTON'S RETURN.

Alone with his friend Lafayette, without horses or attendants, the great commander came back to his mother's house. She, too, was alone, and yet busy in her old age in the simple duties of her housework. She was told that the hero of the times, the man whom all the country, and nearly all the countries, were then praising, was at the door. But whatever he was to others, he was still her boy; and in a moment she had folded him in a warm embrace, such as she used to give him when as a little fellow he climbed into her lap. Again she called him by the fond names she had used in

his childhood, and though she marked the furrows which his struggles had traced deep in his face, her every thought was of him, not of the name he had won ; and we are told that in that interview between mother and son she said not one word of the fame or glory he had won.

She consented to attend the ball which was given by the people of the town in honor of the general. She dressed herself plainly, like the ordinary matron of Virginia, and simply and quietly entered the room leaning on the arm of her son. She did not long remain, however ; for soon remarking that ‘her dancing days were pretty well over,’ she left the room to the young people.

As another example of her simplicity, it is related that Lafayette went to see her before he returned to France in 1784, and when he approached the house found the old lady clad in her ordinary garb, and with a plain straw hat on her gray head, working in the garden. She quietly acknowledged his greetings and his praises of her son, and as she led the way into the house remarked, “I can make you welcome without the parade of changing my dress.”

THE LAST TIME WASHINGTON SAW HIS MOTHER.

He had just been elected the first President of the United States ; but before he accepted the high office he went once more to see his mother, who

was suffering at the time from an acute disease. The story of the interview is simple, and yet almost sublime.

“The people, madam,” said Washington, “have been pleased, with the most flattering unanimity, to elect me to the chief magistracy of the United States ; but before I can assume the functions of that office, I have come to bid you an affectionate farewell. So soon as the public business can be disposed of I shall hasten to Virginia, and ” —

He could say no more ; but the mother, strong even in her weakness, replied, “ You will see me no more. My great age and the disease that is rapidly approaching my vitals, warn me that I am not long for this world. I trust in God, I am somewhat prepared for a better. But go, George, fulfil the high destinies which Heaven appears to assign you ; go, my son, and may Heaven’s and your mother’s blessing be with you always.” The language appears to us a trifle stilted ; but in that long and tender embrace which followed, all the world has a share.

She had spoken truly. The son, who in tears left her, never again looked upon the face of the mother that bore him. Before he could return to Virginia, Mary Washington had passed away at the ripe age of eighty-five. A monument at Fredericksburg marked the place where all that was mortal was laid away.

VIII

THE BARON OF THE PINES

JAMES WELLS was almost a mass of bruises. His eyes were discolored, patches were on his cheeks, and he was carrying one arm in a sling. And yet, bruised as he was, he was seated on a board thrown across the box of a lumber wagon, and, behind a smart team of horses, was driving through that portion of New Jersey which, a hundred and twenty years ago, was known as "The Pines."

On the seat beside him, in that morning late in June, 1778, was Sergeant Brown of the Continental army, and both young men were glancing keenly about them as they rode on.

Many invalids seek that same region to-day, and find in the soft air, tempered as it is by the breath of the pines and the salt of the sea, a tonic for tired nerves and worn bodies; but neither Wells nor his companion was searching for anything of that kind.

With them were two soldiers, but their presence could not easily have been detected. If, however,

you had stirred the straw that covered the bottom of the wagon, you might have found them beneath it, and their muskets there also. A strange load; and yet they had been carrying it since the preceding day, when they had left the camp of General Lee at Monmouth Court-House, and at the command of the general himself.

"It's a desperate chase," said the sergeant. "The chances are all against us."

"Nay, not so," replied his companion; "and if we succeed, just think of the good done."

"You don't look as though you could do much," said the young soldier, with a sympathetic glance at his friend.

"I'm not the only man who has received the attentions of this outlaw. You see, I was on my way home from the mill with a load of meal. The first I knew, this Fenton and his gang were right in front of me in the road. I knew I couldn't do anything, so I gave in at once. They thought I had some money; but when they couldn't find it, Fenton turned on me, and I thought my last hour had come. Oh, he's a powerful man! You know he was a blacksmith at Freehold before the war, and I presume his work made him all the stronger. I don't know another man his equal anywhere."

"But General Lee is going to put a stop to his tricks. That story of yours, and the one about his treatment of old man Farr up at Imlaystown,

were too much. You know, I suppose, how he and his gang behaved there. The old man barricaded the door, and kept the scoundrels back for a time ; but Fenton smashed a piece of the door, and broke the old man's thigh. Finally they got into the house, and murdered the old man and his wife ; but his daughter, for all that she was fearfully wounded, managed to get away."

"Yes, I know about that ; but it's only a sample of what's been going on for two years."

"I never saw General Lee so stirred," said the sergeant, "as he was by your story. And now that he's sent us after this outlaw, we'll hope the end has come, if we can only find him."

This, then, was the expedition on which our little party had been sent. No one can picture the sufferings of the Whigs of New Jersey during the early years of the Revolution. The British and Hessians pillaged and burned until every family lived in a state of constant terror. The people barred their windows and double-locked their doors at night, but even such precautions were frequently of no avail.

But there were others besides the soldiers who were engaged in the vile work. In this region through which our party was passing, and which was known then as "The Pine Barrens," six bands of outlaws had made their homes. They were desperate men, and loyal to neither side, though the

Whigs were the chief sufferers at their hands. By night they started on their raids, and murder and fire almost always followed them. They had dug, or burrowed, under the sand-hills ; and there made their homes, and stored their plunder.

The most desperate and feared of all these men were Fenton and his gang of twenty ruffians. Of late, in his recklessness, he had taken to himself the name of the "Baron of the Pines." Whether this was designed as a play upon the name of the region where he had his headquarters, "The Pine Barrens," I cannot say ; but the title he had assumed was now familiar to all, and whenever "The Baron of the Pines" was mentioned, all knew that it referred to Fenton, the powerful outlaw blacksmith of Freehold.

Two or three days before this time he had fallen upon young James Wells, as he has already described, and had left him dead, as he thought, by the roadside ; but the young man had recovered, and made his way to the quarters of General Lee.

There he had related his story ; and the general had promptly despatched our little party, with instructions to shoot the outlaw at sight if they could not take him prisoner. The task was no slight one, as it was more than likely that they would not find Fenton alone ; and if his comrades were with him, there was no doubt on which side the victory would fall.

The party had started promptly at General Lee's command, with the soldiers concealed beneath the straw, and the sergeant and James Wells disguised as countrymen, and seated on a board placed across the rough wagon-box.

They now had been among the pines several hours. Occasionally they passed a rude log hut, from which a crowd of filthy children would rush forth and greet them. But no signs of the "baron" or his men had appeared as yet.

Both men were watchful; but if either felt alarmed, he concealed his feeling from his companion. The only sounds that broke in upon the silence were the murmurings of the pines and the occasional roar of the ocean not far away.

"What's that shanty ahead there?" said the sergeant at last, pointing to a low house of logs in the distance.

"I know the place," replied his companion after a brief silence; "it's a low groggery. I've been by it a good many times. We'll be likely to hear something of Fenton there, I think."

The sergeant drew the reins a little more tightly, and whispered a warning word to the soldiers. Perhaps Fenton's entire band might be near, or some of the followers of Fagan or Carter, "barons" feared almost as much as Fenton himself. If so, the chances were desperate and the moment critical; but still there was no appearance of fear in the

young sergeant's manner. The horses were toiling through the heavy sand; and as they drew near the house some one opened the door, and approaching the road, stopped and waited for the wagon to come nearer.

"That's Fenton! That's Fenton himself," said Wells excitedly, in a low voice to his companion.

The sergeant was undecided. Should he order the man to be shot without a word of warning? He knew he would be justified in doing so; but he did not know how many of his followers might be near, or what danger he might bring upon himself and his companions.

"Hold on a bit!" called out Fenton as they approached. "Hold on, I say. I want to talk a bit with ye."

The sergeant halted, and curiously observed the "baron." What a magnificent specimen of a man he was physically! Tall and broad-shouldered, he looked the very embodiment of strength. His arms were bare, and the muscles stood out on them in great bunches. His flannel shirt was open at the throat, displaying the knotted muscles of his chest. "Whew!" said the sergeant to himself, "if I met him on a street in a dark night, I'd give him all the road." But he had no time for further reflection, as the "baron" at once entered into conversation.

"Where ye goin'?" he growled.

"Oh, we're driving through the pines."

“Oh, that’s it, is it? Well, if I had my men with me ye wouldn’t drive very fur. Got any brandy with ye? If ye have, hand it over. I want it bad.”

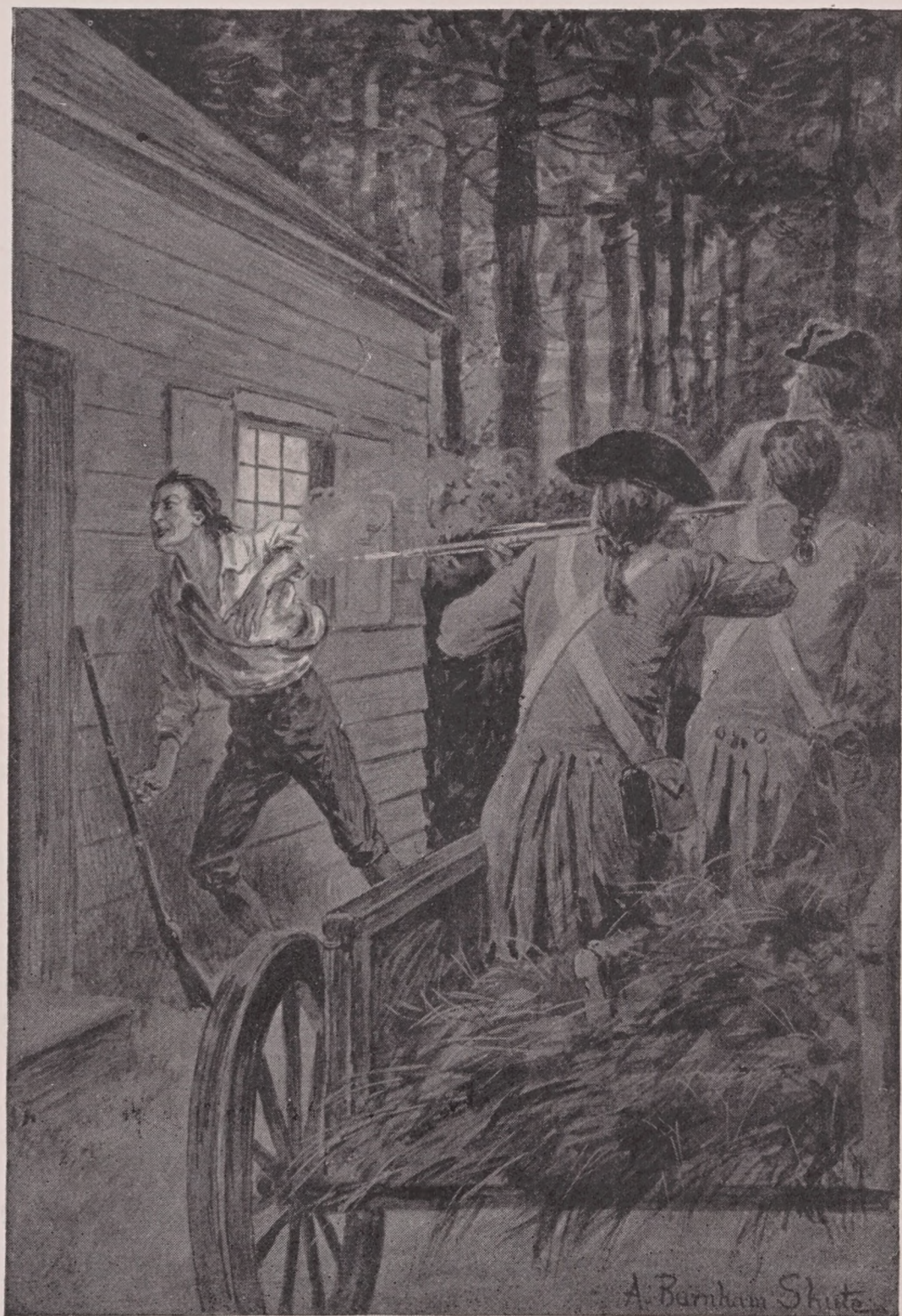
The sergeant handed him a bottle he had brought, and the outlaw quickly lifted it to his lips. As he did so, his glance fell upon young Wells, and he at once recognized him. With an expression of rage on his face, he stopped and shouted, “Oh, it’s you, is it? I thought I left ye dead up on the road the other day. Ye must have as many lives as a cat, but I’ll take another of ’em now;” and he started for his gun, which he had leaned against the side of the house.

The crisis had come. It was either their lives or the outlaw’s; and with a quick word the sergeant called the waiting soldiers, who immediately arose from the straw and fired.

With a yell which sounded in their ears for many days the outlaw fell. A groan, a struggle or two, and then he was still. The men quickly placed his body in the wagon, and started to return. There was no walking for the weary horses now. Every bush might conceal an outlaw. Every moment they fancied they could hear the sound of pursuers. But on and on they went, never halting for a moment. The children rushed from the huts as they passed, and called and shouted, but received no response. On and on, till the border of the pines was reached, and even then they did not halt. Nor

did they rest till at last the returning party was safe in the camp of General Lee.

The Baron of the Pines was dead, and the Pine Barrens and the State of New Jersey at last had found relief.



THE SOLDIERS ROSE FROM THE STRAW AND FIRED.

IX

THE HEROISM OF ELIZABETH ZANE

THE name of Simon Girty is seldom heard in these days, when the memory of the stirring events in our later history is fresh in the minds of all; but a hundred years ago it was well known throughout the sparsely settled region which extended southward from Detroit and the lakes to the borders of Kentucky, and it was as hated as it was familiar. For Simon Girty was a man without a country, and almost without a friend.

Perhaps if he had lived in our time a little charity might have been found for him, for we make so much of the good and evil which the fathers bequeath their children. Simon's mother was as evil a woman as could be found in all Pennsylvania, and his father was known as a worthless sot. If they gave their son any good qualities they seldom were seen, while he appeared to have added much to the evil deeds of both his parents.

At the time of Braddock's defeat he had been captured, and adopted by the Seneca Indians into their tribe. The life among the savages was one

to which he readily adjusted himself, and soon he became their acknowledged leader. He could devise more cruelty than they, and was far superior to them all in his ability to plan and execute attacks upon the scattered settlers. His love for his own kindred, if he ever had any, soon disappeared; and no Indian chief was so feared and hated as was Simon Girty.

The little settlement at Fort Henry (Wheeling), on the 26th of September, 1777, was thoroughly familiar with his name and deeds; but not one of the families dwelling in the twenty-five log huts that had been erected there had any thought on that day that he was near. Yet Simon Girty, with four hundred of his fiercest warriors, at that very time was stealthily making his way up the Ohio River, and was within a very few miles of the settlement.

Colonel Sheppard, who was in command of Fort Henry, at sunset on that day had received word from some of his scouts that they had seen signs of the presence of Indians; and he had quickly ordered every family to seek the shelter of the fort. Many protests were made against this order, and some of the men did not hesitate to declare that it was as uncalled for as it was unnecessary; but the colonel's word was law and must be obeyed, and soon every man, woman, and child was within the walls.

The long night at last passed; but the inmates in the crowded rooms had little sleep, and all felt greatly relieved when the first faint light of the dawn appeared. Now they could return to their labors, and the over-cautious commander would find that his alarm had been unnecessary.

But Colonel Sheppard was not yet satisfied, and would permit no one to leave the shelter of Fort Henry until he was certain that his scouts had been deceived; and accordingly he ordered Captain Mason to take a few men and go forth to reconnoitre. All the people in the fort stood watching the little band of men as they marched across the open space towards the borders of the forest.

"You see," said James Merrill, "it's all a mistake. The colonel has shut us up here like a bear in a trap, and will have his labor for his pains. It's a good thing to be careful; but to my mind he's not only careful, but a little bit afraid."

"I feel that way too," replied Samuel Clarke. "My work is in such shape that I don't want to leave it an hour."

But both men, in spite of their impatience, soon became silent, watching Captain Mason and his men. They were approaching the border of the clearing now, and as yet not a sign of danger had appeared. Indeed, the little settlement never had seemed more peaceful than on that morning.

Scarcely a breath of air was stirring, and the mist that had rolled up from the river below was rapidly being burned away by the beams of the rising sun. The leaves were beginning to take on their autumnal tints, and the songs of the birds were the only sounds that broke in upon the stillness of that September morning.

James Merrill had just turned to his friend, and was about to express his impatience once more, when in an instant the entire scene was changed. A yell that almost curdled the blood of every watcher in the fort broke forth from the border of the forest, and there was the quick discharge of many guns.

For a moment every one in the fort seemed paralyzed with fear. The Indians had been lying in ambush, and their sudden attack had taken every one by surprise. The smoke of the rifles rolled out from among the trees like a cloud, hiding from the view of the watchers all that lay behind it. What had become of Captain Mason and his men? Every eye was strained now to gain a glimpse of the brave little band.

In a few moments the smoke had cleared sufficiently to enable those in the fort to see that half the number lay stretched upon the ground, and that the others were fighting desperately in a hand-to-hand conflict, endeavoring to make their way back; but the Indians were on every side of them,

and Simon Girty in his loudest tones was urging his followers to cut the white men down.

Without hesitating a moment, Captain Ogle, with twelve men as brave as he, rushed from the fort to the assistance of their struggling companions ; but the Indians had had time to reload now, and met the oncomers with another volley from their rifles.

A groan arose from the inmates of Fort Henry when they saw all but four fall to the ground ; but the remnant of Captain Mason's band had seized the moment when the attention of the savages had been diverted by the approach of their friends, and already were running rapidly towards the fort. The other four at once turned and joined them, and, pursued by the shouting Indians, were also endeavoring to regain the shelter of the stockade. It was an exciting race, and the prize was far greater than that ever offered in any modern athletic contest, for it was life itself ; but it ended in all the runners gaining the shelter, and the gate was quickly shut in the faces of the howling Senecas.

The conditions within the fort were now more serious than before. There were just twelve men and boys to defend the place, and the women and children were almost beside themselves with fear. Cries and sobs were heard on every side. Women were wringing their hands ; and their little children

were clinging to their skirts, and adding their shrill cries to the general confusion. The number of the Indians was almost forty times that of the little garrison within; and the name and sight of Simon Girty, as he ran in advance of his howling band of four hundred savages, had increased the alarm, and caused many a mother's face to become deadly pale.

But a silence soon came over the fort as the inmates perceived that all outside was still. What could it mean? They were all too well versed in Indian ways to believe that the end had come; but what was the next move to be?

They were not left long in doubt; for soon they saw Simon Girty advance alone, waving what once had been a white flag.

"Even his flag is almost as foul as he is," muttered Samuel Clarke; but his companion made no reply. He was too much interested in trying to hear what Girty would say and Colonel Sheppard would reply.

"I want the surrender of this fort!" shouted Girty. "I've got more than four hundred Senecas here, and you can't stand against 'em a minute!"

"We certainly couldn't stand a minute if we did surrender," replied the colonel. "We know you too well."

"I'll cut your heart out!" shouted Girty, angry

at the delay. In after years he was as good as his word ; for he did cut out the heart of a captive, and sent pieces of it among the different tribes.

“ While there’s a man left alive, this fort will never be given over to such a scoundrel as you,” shouted Colonel Sheppard, “ nor to any other rascal either.”

Simon Girty stood for a moment, and shook his fist at the fort. He was almost beside himself with rage ; but after he had shouted his threatenings, which made every mother that heard him clasp her little ones more closely to her bosom, the renegade turned sharply, and ordered his followers to begin the attack.

The Indians quickly obeyed, and ran for the shelter of the log huts that stood all about the fort. For six long hours they poured an ineffectual fire against its walls, but as they had no artillery they did but little damage. Nor were the men within the fort idle. The sharpshooters were at work, and seldom fired in vain. The women were kept busy in casting bullets, and loading the rifles.

About noon-time a change came. The Indians withdrew to the base of the hill, and the sounds of the rifles ceased. Some of the inmates rejoiced, believing that the attack had ceased ; but Colonel Sheppard shook his head. He had had too much experience, and knew that Girty’s men had only

withdrawn to devise new measures, and that soon some other movement would be made.

But there was something else that greatly troubled him. The powder was almost gone, and without it but a sorry resistance could be made. But Ebenezer Zane told him of a keg he had in his house, which was about sixty yards from the fort. Who would go for it? It might mean death; for in the open space, whoever went would be exposed to the bullets from many rifles, and the chance of escaping was but slight indeed. No, he could not order any man to go; and only one at a time in any event could be spared from the little garrison, too small already.

“Call the men together,” said Ebenezer at last, “and let us talk it over;” and acting upon his suggestion, the commander soon had assembled all the twelve, and explained to them the condition of the fort. The colonel declared that he should not order any one to go; but if any one would volunteer, he might have the honor. It was almost certain to prove the death of him who should make the attempt, but some one must go.

It is to the honor of mankind, although it seldom has been told, that *each one of the twelve men* offered himself. Nor was that all; for so eager was each man that he urged his own claim, declaring that his loss would mean less for the garrison than that of any other.

So warm did the discussion become among the little band of heroes, that the time passed, and the colonel began to fear that the Indians would renew the attack before any attempt to obtain the powder would be made. He was about to break up the assembly, and declare that the choice must be made by lot, when he was interrupted by the approach of Elizabeth Zane, the younger sister of Ebenezer.

"I have heard what you have been talking about," said Elizabeth, "and I have come to furnish a solution." They all were listening now, and eager to hear what the brave young girl would propose. "The simple truth is that the fort can spare none of you. I am only a young maid; and if I fall, the garrison will suffer but little loss. I myself will go for the powder."

The group was silent for a moment, and then Ebenezer spoke. "Elizabeth, you are just from school in Philadelphia. You know nothing of this border life. You cannot go."

"You have done enough already in casting bullets," said her other brother, Silas.

"No, no; you cannot go," added the colonel, greatly moved.

"But I am going," replied Elizabeth firmly. "You have wasted too much time already."

All the men added their protests, but in vain; and in a few minutes the gate was opened, and

young Elizabeth Zane started boldly across the open space towards the house of Ebenezer, her brother. The eyes of every one in the fort were upon her, nor were they the only ones that followed her. They could see many a dusky face peering out from the woods, and curiously watching the young girl as she walked rapidly on ; but not a shot as yet had been fired. All the people in the fort breathed a sigh of relief as they saw her enter the house ; but the suspense increased when, a moment later, she stood in the doorway with the keg of powder tightly clasped in her arms.

“Her hard time is coming now,” said Colonel Sheppard in a low voice to Ebenezer Zane ; but he received no reply. Ebenezer’s face was set and hard, and he did not hear the colonel’s words. All his thought was of his sister, and he was watching her every movement.

Meanwhile, Elizabeth, gathering her skirts about her, and hugging the keg to her bosom, started on her return. She was running now, and her speed was almost like that of a deer. On and on she came ; but the savages had perceived her purpose as soon as they saw what she was carrying, and a yell arose in the forest. Rifle after rifle was fired at her, and yet the intrepid girl ran on. She was within twenty yards of the fort, when a groan was uttered by every one within.

"She's hit! She's down!" cried the excited Ebenezer, as he saw his sister stumble and almost fall; but quickly recovering herself, she sped on more swiftly than before.

Again the rifles rang out; but the intrepid girl never once faltered, and soon, almost fainting, she rushed through the open gateway, and fell into her brother's arms. Not a bullet had touched her, and she and her precious powder were safe.

"'A thousand shall fall by thy side, and ten thousand at thy right hand; but it shall not come nigh thee,'" murmured Goody Nelson, the oldest woman in the settlement.

The brave Elizabeth was soon taken in charge by the women, and the men once more gave their attention to the besiegers. The silence was unbroken; and no guns, save those which had been fired at the fleeing girl, had been heard for an hour. Another hour passed; and the continued silence was ominous, as the colonel was fully persuaded that the attack had not been abandoned.

At last, about half-past two o'clock in the afternoon, the savages again made for the log huts, and the fight was renewed. They tried to force the gate; but after six of their warriors had fallen, they gave up the attempt and again withdrew.

It was almost dark by this time, and Colonel Sheppard was positive that another move would be made under its shelter; nor was he mistaken.

Girty had found a hollow maple log, and his ingenuity at once suggested a plan by which it might be used. It was filled almost to the muzzle with powder, stones, and pieces of iron, and securely bound with chains.

In the darkness, Girty and the Senecas stealthily moved this within sixty feet of the gate without having attracted the attention of the guard, and, carefully aiming at the posts, fired it. With a report like thunder the log burst into a thousand pieces. The missiles flew in every direction except the one that Girty most desired; and when the smoke had cleared enough for him to see the effects of the explosion, he found the pickets unharmed, but many of his own warriors lay dead around him.

The conflict now ceased, and the Indians withdrew for the night; but about four o'clock the next morning Colonel Swearington and fourteen of his men arrived safely at the fort; and at daybreak forty mounted men also came.

Major M'Culloch, who was in command of them, was separated from his men, and the Indians at once pursued him into the forests. Several times they could have shot him; but Girty was especially desirous of taking him alive, for he was more feared by the Indians than almost any other man on the frontier. All their efforts were in vain, however, and the brave major made his escape in the woods.

Girty now gave up all hope of taking Fort Henry ; and after setting fire to the houses and all the fences outside the stockade, he and his followers withdrew as silently as they had come. About a hundred of their dead were left behind, while the garrison had not lost a man during the siege, although twenty-three of the forty-two in the fort had been slain in the first attack in the woods.

Twenty years later Ebenezer Zane founded what is now the city of Zanesville, Ohio ; and as for his sister Elizabeth, I have always felt, ever since I have heard the story of her heroism at Fort Henry, that a half-dozen cities ought to have been named for her.

X

KING'S MOUNTAIN

THIS ballad, so called, was written soon after the battle. Its author is unknown.

'Twas on a pleasant mountain
The Tory heathens lay,
With a doughty major at their head,
One Ferguson they say.

Cornwallis had detached him,
A-thieving for to go,
And catch the Carolina men,
Or bring the rebels low.

The scamp had ranged the country
In search of royal aid,
And with his owls, perched on high,
He taught them all his trade.

But ah! that fatal morning,
When Shelby brave drew near!
'Tis certainly a warning
That ministers should hear.

And Campbell and Cleveland,
And Colonel Sevier,
Each with a band of gallant men,
To Ferguson appear.

Just as the sun was setting
Behind the western hills,
Just then our trusty rifles sent
A dose of leaden pills.

Up, up the steep together
Brave Williams led his troop,
And joined by Winston, brave and true,
Disturbed the Tory coop.

The royal slaves, the royal owls,
Flew high on every hand ;
But soon they settled — gave a howl,
And quartered to Cleveland.

I could not tell the number
Of Tories slain that day,
But surely it is certain
That none did run away.

For all that were a-living
Were happy to give up ;
So let us make thanksgiving,
And pass the bright tin cup.

To all the brave regiments
Let's toast 'em for their health,
And may our good country
Have quietude and wealth.

XI

FIRING THE SHIP

NOT long after the very time, on the Fourth of July, 1776, when the Continental Congress at Philadelphia was struggling with the Declaration of Independence, another assembly at Elizabeth Town Point was also struggling with the men who had planned to invade their homes. The action of the former is well-known to-day ; but the deeds of the others are forgotten, although the early records inform us that theirs was almost the first true celebration of the new nation.

On July second Howe began to land his forces on Staten Island. This already was a refuge of the Tories ; and when Howe's men began to arrive from Halifax, whither they had gone after they had evacuated Boston, the alarm had spread along the shore, for all were fearful of an invasion.

Men and boys had answered the call, and now, on the evening of this famous Fourth, were stationed behind the cover which hastily had been thrown up near the Point, and were engaged in a fierce contest with one of the enemy's sloops of

fourteen guns, which had come to anchor there with the evident intention of destroying the defence, and scattering the minute-men.

Nor did the task appear to be a difficult one; for the rude earth-works were weak, and the men were raw and inexperienced. A small body of Captain Neil's artillery, with two twelve-pound cannon, however, were present; and on these the five hundred men placed their main reliance.

The contest had been going on for a half-hour now; and so skilfully had the cannon been handled that the mast and rigging of the enemy's sloop had been shot away, and she was unable to withdraw. Many of her men also had fallen, while but few of the Continentals as yet had been harmed. But Captain Neil fully realized how desperate the conditions were, however; for at any moment some of Howe's war vessels, hearing the sounds of the engagement, might come around from the other side of the island, and if they did, the contest would soon be brought to a close.

"Captain Neil wants to see you," said an orderly to John Clarke and Daniel Baldwin, two boys of seventeen who had taken their places with the men.

"What does he want?" inquired John.

"I don't know. Come, and he'll tell you himself."

The boys took their guns, and following the

orderly, soon stood before Captain Neil, whose grimy appearance much resembled their own.

"Are you the boys who went over to Staten Island yesterday and fired at the regulars?" asked the captain.

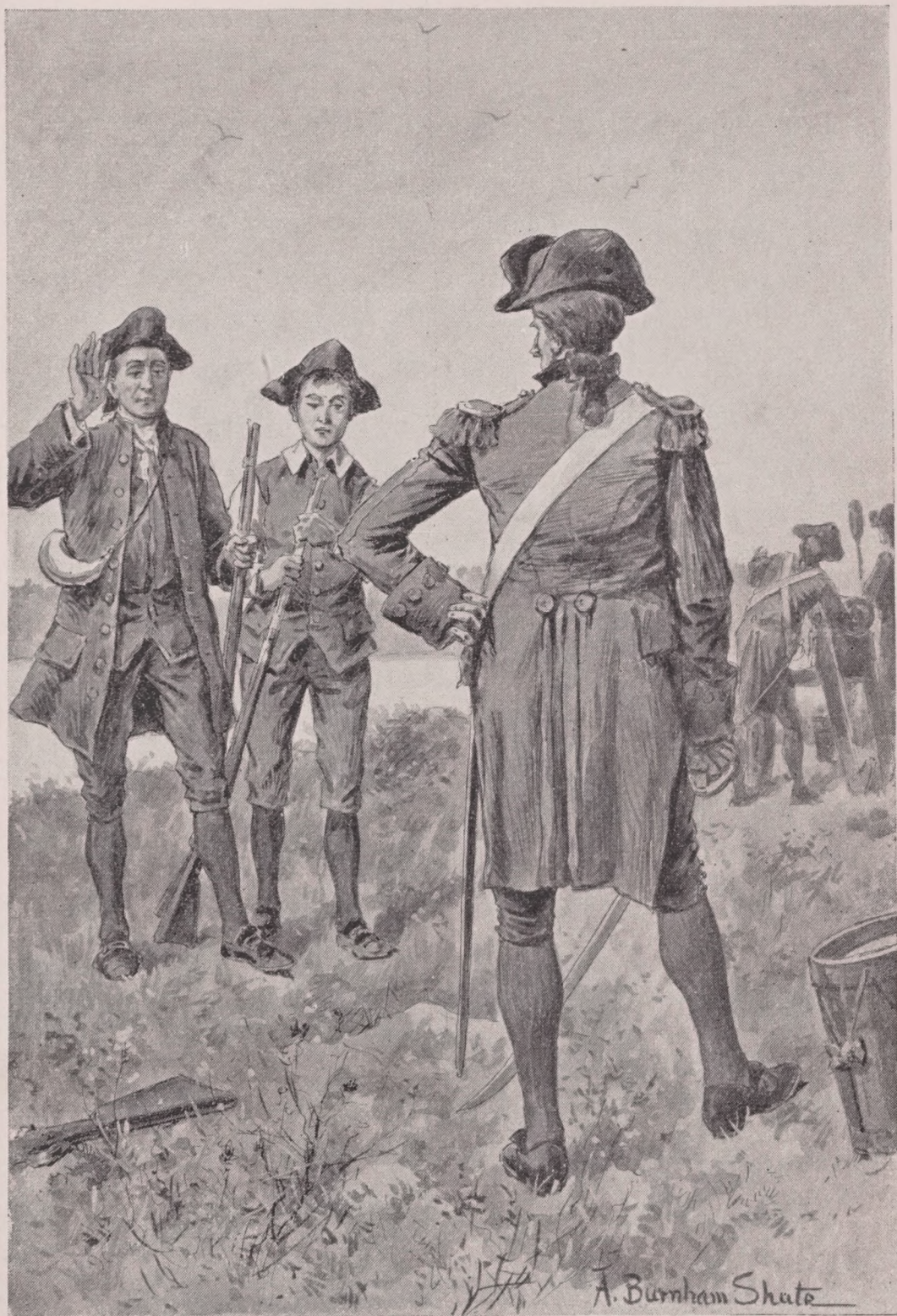
"Yes," replied Daniel. "We were out in our skiff, and fired just to let them know that all the Jersey men were not asleep. But when a lot of regulars came running out of the woods, we made off in a hurry."

"'Twas a foolish piece of work. Don't try it again. And yet it showed you had some qualities which I want to use right away. I want to set fire to this sloop. If we don't, help will come to them from the island."

The boys were silent, waiting for him to explain his words. It certainly would be a desperate venture. Even while he was talking a cannon spoke, and the reports of many muskets followed. How could they set fire to the sloop in the face of such dangers? John's heart was beating rapidly, and Daniel was trembling in his excitement.

"I want you to fill a skiff with stuff that will burn, and come up to the sloop with it on the other side. Make the skiff fast, set fire to it, and then swim off. You can both swim, can't you?" said the captain.

"Yes," replied John. But the prospect was frightful.



“ARE YOU THE BOYS WHO WENT OVER TO STATEN
ISLAND YESTERDAY?”

Page 88

How could they approach the sloop without being seen? And if they were, it would mean the death of both boys.

"I know it looks desperate," said the captain, reading their thoughts; "but we'll hold their attention on this side, and I don't think they'll be on the lookout for danger from the Sound. Somebody must try it, and will you be the ones?"

"My mother told me not to be shot in the back," said Daniel, with a strange choking in his throat. "If it must be done, we may as well try it as any one. What do you say, John?"

"We'll try it," said John quietly. "But I was wondering whether the raft the boys use for crabbing wouldn't be better than a skiff. It's right up the shore here, and we could stay in the water and push it. That would be some protection."

"The very thing!" said the captain quickly. "Show us where it is."

John led the way, and the raft was soon equipped for the perilous attempt. A mass of combustible material was piled upon it, and several short planks placed across the stern to serve as a protection to the boys, who were to swim out with it. Throwing aside their clothing, they at once pushed it out into the water, wading as far as possible, and then began to swim.

"It's a desperate chance," said the orderly when the boys disappeared.

"I know it," replied the captain; "but it had to be done. I'm glad it's so dark, and now we'll have to work to hold the attention of the sloop to this side;" and he hastened back to his men.

Meanwhile the boys were swimming, and quickly pushed the strange craft before them. They had started at quite a distance above the sloop, and the outgoing tide was of great service.

"They're warming up on shore," whispered Daniel a little later, as the noise of the guns increased.

"Yes, and there's the sloop right ahead," replied John, as the roar and flash of a cannon came over the water. "She's facing us, and pulling at her anchor."

Slowly and with increased care now they guided the raft towards the bow. It was the time of greatest danger, and the boys were almost breathless. Would they be seen by the men on the sloop? John thought of his mother, and a picture of his home rose before him. Would he ever see it again?

There was no time for such thoughts, however, as they were right under the bow now. John climbed on board the raft, and grasped the heavy cable. The rushing tide made the raft swing around until her stern was against the side of the sloop. It was the very position he desired, and thus far they had not been discovered.

He made the raft fast to the cable, and then took his flint and tinder. His hands trembled so that he hardly could use them. Again and again he struck the flint; but no sparks came, or if they did come, fell harmless. What could be the trouble? Could he be heard? Summoning all his courage, again he made the trial; and this time the spark fell and caught. Quickly then the boys slid from the raft, and with strong and quick strokes swam off. As soon as the cover of the darkness had been gained, they paused and waited for the blaze. But the flash of the guns was the only light that appeared. Another minute passed, and another, and still no blaze was seen. Was something wrong?

"You wait, I'm going back," whispered John; and before his friend could remonstrate he was gone. Daniel waited in a fever of excitement, not knowing what to do.

Meanwhile John had safely regained the raft, and found, as he had feared, that the fire was out. Again he took the flint and tinder, and was rejoiced when the first spark fell, and he saw a little tongue of flame appear. Satisfied that this time there would be no failure, he hurriedly slid into the water, and started towards his companion. He had gone but a few yards when he turned to look at the sloop. What was that he saw? The face of a man peering over the rail. Had he been dis-

covered? He quickly sank, and swam under the water as long as his breath would permit, and when he rose again to the surface the face had disappeared.

"It'll go this time," he said, as he rejoined his friend, and they started for the shore. Quickly putting on their clothing as soon as they arrived, they ran towards their cover, and just as they approached a shout went up that sounded above the noise of the guns. They turned, and looked towards the sloop. A long tongue of flame was shooting up over the bow. It ran along the bowsprit, it spread over the rigging, and climbed the broken mast. Again a shout arose from the men on shore. The crew of the sloop were taking their wounded and dead, and in their yawls were starting for Staten Island.

Not a gun was fired now, for none would harm the wounded; but hardly had they disappeared before, with a report like thunder, the blazing sloop was blown into a thousand fragments, and then an unbroken stillness rested over the Sound.

"That's the best bonfire we ever had," said Daniel as he and John were walking up the quaint old street towards their homes; but his friend made no reply.

Not many hours before the time when the sloop was set on fire, the Congress at Philadelphia had finished its work, and there was a new nation in

the world. Bells were ringing, guns were fired, and bonfires lighted throughout the city. News travelled slowly in those days, but on the 8th the report of what had been done in Philadelphia reached Trenton. There the Provincial Congress, the committee, and people assembled, and guns again were heard and bonfires kindled. On the 9th the tidings reached Elizabeth Town, and similar scenes were enacted. On the 10th New York was all ablaze, and parades and bonfires were the order of the day.

“I’ve looked the matter up,” said Daniel to his friend; “and from all I can learn our celebration at the Point when we fired the British sloop was just thirty minutes ahead of the real celebration at Philadelphia. We didn’t know it, but we had the first one in America. Hurrah for the Fourth of July and the United Colonies of America! Likewise hurrah for the boys that had the first celebration in all the land!”

XII

JOHN SCHELL'S STRATAGEM

IN the summer of 1781, in the Mohawk Valley, between Schenectady and Fort Schuyler, there were twenty rude forts, which the scattered settlers had erected for their defence against the Tories and Indians, who were very hostile in all that region. These "forts" were rude, log block-houses, and most of them were capable of sheltering fifteen or twenty families. Many of the settlers were German or Dutch; and their bravery, and loyalty to the cause of the struggling colonies, are now well known.

About five miles north of Herkimer, a wealthy German, named John Christian Schell, had erected a fort, or blockhouse, in the little settlement, which in honor of its founder was named Schell's Bush. His fort was two stories high, and so built that the upper story projected over the lower, thereby enabling its defenders, if the occasion required, to fire directly down upon any assailants.

But at this time all Schell's neighbors had abandoned their homes, and sought the shelter of

Fort Dayton ; for rumors were rife of the cruel deeds of Donald McDonald, — a Scotchman from Johnstown, and one of the most zealous of the followers of Sir William Johnson, — and his band of sixty Indians and Tories. But the phlegmatic Schell had been unmoved by the fears of his neighbors, and sturdily held to his place.

On the day when the events of this story occurred, he and his eight sons were busy in their fields, and working at a considerable distance from his house. The summer air was hot ; and as it was near midday, Schell stopped for a moment to rest, and glance at the sun. He was beginning to feel that dinner-time could not be far distant, and he glanced towards the house to see if he could not discern his wife coming forth to give the welcome summons on the conch-shell.

Yes, there she was now ; and he dropped his scythe, and prepared to call his boys to dinner. But suddenly he stopped, and gazed in surprise at his wife. She had no conch-shell, and was running at the top of her speed, waving her sunbonnet in her hand, and calling in her loudest tones. Soon she was near enough for him to hear her warning words, "McDonald is coming. The woods are full of Indians and Tories."

He looked in the direction in which she pointed ; and there, on the farther side of the settlement, he could see McDonald and his band running towards

the blockhouse. They were a little farther from it than were Schell and his boys; and in a moment the German and his sons were following Mrs. Schell, who had turned and started swiftly towards the fort.

What a race that was! The Indians, as soon as they perceived that their presence was known, sent forth their blood-curdling yells, and tried to increase their speed. But the "flying Dutchmen" needed no further encouragement, for it was a race for life. On and on they ran, breathing hard, and putting forth all their strength. Suddenly one of the younger boys, who was close behind his father, stumbled and fell. Schell groaned as he stopped for a moment to assist his son, and then the mad race was renewed.

Mrs. Schell had arrived at the fort, and was standing by the open door ready to close it the moment the others came up. Swift as was their pace, that of the Indians was swifter; but never faltering for a moment the sturdy men swept on. Soon the father had gained the door, and turned about to see how it fared with his sons. Two joined him in a moment, and soon four more were with him.

"Run, boys! run!" he shouted to the two who had been farthest from the fort when the alarm was sounded; but he was too late. A band of the Indians had intercepted their flight, and were

between them and the blockhouse. In less time than it takes to record it both boys were prisoners, bound hand and foot, and the yelling band started on. The door was quickly closed, almost in the faces of the Tories, and the little garrison prepared to defend the place.

The blockhouse was well supplied with guns and ammunition, and also with food and water; for the careful German, in spite of his apparent indifference, had kept his place of defence well equipped, and now the testing-time had come.

"You look after McDonald, and I'll attend to the loading of the guns," said Mrs. Schell.

From different port-holes Schell and his sons fired at the besiegers. The father was calm, but the boys were trembling in their excitement. The Indians were yelling like demons, and the Tories were their fitting companions. Again and again they advanced; but the well-aimed guns of the defenders soon taught them to be careful, and they withdrew to the shelter of the forest. The thud of their bullets, as they struck the logs of the fort, was heard continually; but thus far no one within had been injured, and they were certain that several of the Tories had been hit.

"They're trying to burn us out," said Schell after an hour had passed. Several of the Indians had crept close up under the walls, and were endeavoring to set fire to the fort. The upper story

now became the resort of three of the boys, and the assailants soon learned more caution. A shower of burning arrows fell upon the roof, but the water which had been stored within quickly put out each fire.

The fight was becoming desperate. Thus far the assailants had gained nothing except their two prisoners, while their losses were considerable. Suddenly one of the frightened inmates called out, "Father, there's McDonald himself at the door with a crowbar. If he breaks it in, it's all up with us."

But Schell did not wait for any further warning. Quickly grasping his gun, he ran up the ladder to the second story, and glanced out of one of the port-holes. Yes, there was McDonald pounding with his heavy bar against the door. Already it was beginning to give way before him, and in a moment it must fall. The Tory leader was alone, none of his followers having cared to join him in his dangerous attempt. A wholesome respect for the defenders was apparent amongst all the assailants.

Schell quickly raised his gun, and fired directly down upon McDonald. With a groan the Tory fell, his thigh shattered by the ball.

"Here, father, what are you doing?" called out the startled woman, as she saw her husband fling his gun aside and run to the door. In a moment he had slipped back the bars, and flung it open.

He stepped boldly forth, and grasping the Tory by the shoulders, dragged him within. Just as he shut the door, a yell louder than any they had heard, burst from the astonished Indians, and a shower of bullets struck the house.

"You're a bit late," muttered Schell; then turning to his prisoner, he said, "I'll trouble you for your cartridge-belt. Your cartridges are all made up ready to use, and will save us time."

The belt was surrendered, and Schell prepared to continue the defence. He knew that all danger from fire had now ceased, for the Tories had no desire to burn their leader; and he was not without hope that the siege would be abandoned.

If the Indians had been left to themselves, doubtless that would have been the case, for they seldom carried on a long attack; but the white men were leaders, and they had no thoughts of abandoning McDonald.

A brief respite however ensued; and the bold German, going to the upper story, began to sing. He spoke English almost as fluently as he did his own language; and soon the astonished besiegers heard the words of Luther's hymn. The English translation that later became so popular was:

"A firm fortress is our God, a good defence and weapon;
He helps us free from all our troubles which have now befallen us.
The old evil enemy, he is now seriously going to work;
Great power and much cunning are his cruel equipments,

There is none like him on the earth.

And if the world were full of devils, ready to devour us,

We are by no means much afraid, for finally we must overcome

The prince of this world, however badly he may behave,

He cannot injure us, and the reason is, because He is our judge ;

A little word can lay him low."

This was more than the desperate enemy could endure. To have their leader a prisoner was bad enough, but to be taunted by the feeble garrison was worse.

Suddenly five of them ran, and thrust their guns together through one of the port-holes ; but the resolute woman was ready for them, and seizing an axe, she dealt the protruding gun-barrels such heavy blows that they were rendered useless in a moment. A sharp fire from Schell and the boys, at the same time, drove the assailants back.

All the summer afternoon the desperate attack was kept up, until the sun was sinking low in the west. Something must be done ; for if the Indians remained through the night, no one knew what they might accomplish under the cover of the darkness. Eleven had been killed and six wounded ; but they still far outnumbered the defenders, who were as yet all unharmed.

As the dusk crept on, suddenly Schell ran to the upper story, and calling out in tones loud enough to be heard by the enemy, shouted to his wife, "There comes Captain Small with a band of men from Fort Dayton!"

A silence fell over all at the words, unbroken till a few moments later, when Schell shouted once more, "That's right, Captain Small. March your men round upon this side of the house. Captain Getman, you had better wheel your men off to the left, and come up on that side."

The ruse was effective ; and the besiegers, without waiting to see whether Schell spoke truly or not, broke and fled for the woods, and the attack on Schell's Bush was over.

On the following day the merciful German carried the wounded McDonald to Fort Dayton, where his leg was amputated ; but the suffering man was not able to endure the operation, and died within a few hours. Schell's two sons were carried captives into Canada ; but after the war they returned to their home, and reported that nine of the wounded enemy had died on the journey.

XIII

THE WAR WOMAN'S GUESTS

NANCY HART was standing in the doorway of her rude log cabin one morning in the spring of 1779. She had been gazing earnestly up the road, but as her glance turned and fell upon the place below, where War Woman's Creek joined Broad River, she smiled grimly; for she knew that the stream had been named in her honor, and that along the border of South Carolina and Georgia she herself was known as the "War Woman."

Not that she was the only brave woman there, however, for the neighborhood had been named by the Tories "The Hornet's Nest," so active were the patriots; but Nancy was the most fearless of them all. The feeling was bitter; and many of her neighbors, both Whigs and Tories, already had forfeited their lives for their convictions.

Nancy this morning had frequently gone to the door; for reports of bands of Tories sent out from Augusta had been current, and her husband and three of the neighbors were now hiding in the swamp below the house; but she knew she could

warn them of danger by the conch-shell concealed in the stump near the spring. One blast meant that "Britishers" were near, two that the husband was wanted at the cabin, and three that he was to make his escape to another swamp.

As she could see no signs of danger, she turned again to her work. She did not know that five Tories were then riding rapidly along the upper road, and that the "War Woman's" house was their destination; nor was she aware that the day was to be the most exciting in her life.

Soon, however, she was again standing in the doorway, holding her rude rolling-pin in her hands. This time she was startled by the sound of approaching horsemen, and in a moment the five Tories appeared. She stood and watched them as they let down the bars, and rode up in front of the door. She had recognized them at once, and knew that she had to deal with the most brutal men in all that region.

"We want to know," said the leader roughly, "whether you hid that rebel, John Symmer, from the king's men the other day?"

"I don't know that it concerns you; but I did." Nancy was calm, but her eyes were snapping. She was cross-eyed, and no one knew just at whom she was looking.

"As soon as I saw the boy, and knew the traitors were chasing him," she resumed, "I let down

the bars, and he rode straight through the house, and hid in the swamp. Then I put up the bars, and came into the house and shut the doors. Pretty soon up came the Tories, and called to me. I clapped a shawl on my head, and opening the door, asked what they wanted to disturb a poor sick woman for. They told me they had traced their man to my house, and wanted to know whether I had seen any one on horseback or not. I pretended to think for a bit, and then told them I saw a man on a sorrel horse turn out of the path into the woods about two hundred yards back. 'That's our man,' said the fools, and they started off in a hurry. If they'd stopped to look at the ground, they'd have seen his tracks this side of the bars ; but that's the way with such traitors."

"You'll be sorry for that some day," said the leader angrily. "But give us something to eat."

"I never feed traitors or king's men."

"But you'll feed us," said the leader, enraged, and leaping from his horse.

Nancy was calm, but her grasp of her rolling-pin tightened. She did not move as the man approached, and he stopped for a parley. He had heard of the "War Woman" before. "We've had nothing to eat since yesterday. You'll give us something, I know you will."

"You've already stolen everything we had," replied Nancy. "We haven't a grunter left."

"There's a gobbler, at any rate," replied the Tory, as he quickly lifted his gun and fired. The turkey fell over, and with one or two convulsive kicks expired.

"Now you clean and cook him for us," he added, as he threw the dead bird at her feet.

Nancy was thoroughly angry now, and a bright red spot appeared on each cheek. She hesitated a moment, and was about to refuse; but a new thought came, and without a word she took the gobbler, and began to clean it.

"Sukey," she said to her little girl twelve years old, "I want some water. You go down to the spring and get me some. Blow once on the conch," she added in a low voice.

Sukey nodded her head understandingly, and soon returned. She replied to the question in her mother's eyes by a vigorous nod, and the "War Woman" soon had the turkey ready for her visitors. She arranged the table, and prepared to wait upon the men herself.

"Haven't you anything to drink?" asked the leader soon after the dinner began.

"Yes," replied Nancy, as she hastened to bring a jug from the cellar.

"This war woman isn't so bad," said one of the men while she was gone. "I have seen lots of worse Whigs than she."

Perhaps if he could have noted the expression

upon her face when she left the room he might not have been quite so complacent, for Nancy had forgotten neither her name nor nature. But the feast was on ; and Nancy and Sukey were kept busy by the Tories, who soon became hilarious. Sukey could not understand it. What had wrought the change in her mother ? She never had seen her so quiet before when Tories were about.

"I want some water," said one of the men thickly. "Gimme some water."

"I shall have to send for it," replied Nancy. There was a gleam in her eyes now. The very moment for which she had been planning had come. "Sukey, you take the bucket, and go down to the spring. Blow twice," she whispered in her little daughter's ear as she left the room.

"Blow twice," thought Sukey on her way to the spring. "Why, that means to call pap in. I wonder what marm can want of him, with those king's men in the house. He'll get into trouble."

But Sukey had been trained to obey ; and before she returned, two clear calls from the conch-shell had sounded over the swamp. The thirsty men in the cabin eagerly drank of the water she brought, and then resumed their feasting, for turkey was not to be had every day.

"Pass round the jug, old woman," called one of the men.

Nancy Hart was not an old woman, but she did

not heed the insult. Sukey was more and more troubled, and was quite certain that her father would not approve. What was it her mother was doing now? Gently she was pulling several pieces of pine "chinking" from between the logs of which the cabin was built. She could look through into the yard now. Her mother must be crazy.

But Nancy had a method in her madness. The Tories had leaned their guns against the wall when they had taken their seats. Nancy was near them now; and, without attracting the attention of the men, she slipped one of the guns through the hole she had made in the wall, and listened to hear it fall outside. A second gun followed, and now only three remained. The "War Woman" was not idle.

Again she hastened to wait upon the men, and urged the use of the jug. Satisfied that their attention was withdrawn, she grasped the third gun, and made ready to have it follow its companions.

"Here, woman, what are you doing?" said one of the men, suddenly noticing the action of the "War Woman."

"Two of our guns are gone already," said another; and all five men were standing now.

"Kill the vixen!" said the leader, as he started toward Nancy.

"You stay right where you are," said the "War Woman" in a low voice. "I'll shoot the first man that takes a step toward me or the guns."

The Tories knew her now for the "War Woman" indeed. It was a scene for a painter. The five men were standing about the table, and watching the fearless woman, who stood with her back to the wall, with the gun at her shoulder. The startled Sukey had withdrawn to a corner, and, breathless, was watching them all. But not one of the men dared to move. They were convinced that the first to start must face the "War Woman's" shot.

But such an attitude could not long be endured. Even now Nancy was beginning to tremble. Would help never come? Soon she knew she would fall — and then? Her heart sank, and her cheeks grew pale at the thought.

What was that? Close beside her she felt, rather than saw, the muzzle of a gun pushed through the opening she had made in the wall. Another and another followed, and then there came a report that almost deafened her. Through the smoke she saw three of the Tories fall, and the others, in their endeavors to escape, run into the arms of the "War Woman's" husband and his companions.

"Mercy! Mercy!" begged the men.

"You shall have the mercy you have shown others," was Hart's reply; and what that "mercy" was might have been seen a half hour later, when two lifeless bodies were hanging from a tree by the roadside, swinging in the wind, and with great



"I'LL SHOOT THE FIRST MAN WHO TAKES A STEP
TOWARD ME."

Page 107



staring eyes, that, looking out, saw nothing in all the forest.

What times they must have been! No man's life was safe; and in their desperation, sometimes the patriots were as relentless as their foes. But Nancy Hart, the "War Woman," was not without mercy; and the stories of her tenderness were as many as of her daring.

XIV

AN OLD-TIME DECORATION DAY

"WE couldn't move the old fellow, Tom. He's as obstinate as a mule."

"I didn't think you could get him. He isn't that kind."

"So much the worse for him. We've been up to his place twice to-day. We offered him a good position, and promised him protection, but he never answered a word. I'm sorry for the old man; but to-morrow he'll have to take the oath, or swing for it."

"He'll swing, then; for he'll never take it. I know Judge Williams; he's got his mind made up, and that's the end of it."

"Well, it's his own choice; he has nobody to blame but himself."

The speaker turned, and left the two boys with whom he had been talking. He was a sergeant serving under Tarleton, who had despatched a band of a hundred men to scour that portion of South Carolina in which they then were, in the summer of 1780, and drive out the Whigs, or compel them to take the oath of allegiance to the British king.

They had encamped for the night under the shelter of a hill, on the summit of which was the home of Judge Williams, a stalwart Whig; and their two visits to him that afternoon had not availed to shake the old man's resolution.

The two boys to whom the young sergeant had been relating the story of the fruitless attempts to change the purpose of the judge were Tom Crowell and John Blake. Tom's mother was a widow; and when a detachment of Tarleton's men had stopped at her home on the preceding day, and offered him his choice between leaving the country or joining their band, one look at the children, and one thought of the suffering which his mother might be compelled to undergo, had decided him. Forgetting loyalty to country, for the sake of his mother and the children he had yielded.

A similar offer to his friend and neighbor John Blake had made him yield also; and much against their wills the two boys found themselves serving under the British flag. They were not given much liberty, however, and soon saw that they were regarded with suspicion, in spite of the oath they had taken.

"I say, John," said Tom, soon after the interview with the sergeant, when both boys lay wrapped in their blankets on the ground, "I wish we'd done as Judge Williams has. That's what my sister Nancy wanted me to do all the time."

"We couldn't help it," replied John. "What could two boys only eighteen years old do, I'd like to know?"

"Oh! we had to do it, I reckon. Still, somehow I wish we hadn't. I wonder what the judge will do now?"

"Sh!" whispered John. "Here comes the guard." And both became silent, and were soon asleep.

Meanwhile Judge Williams was doing his utmost to answer Tom's question. He fully realized that the morrow would see the matter decided, and he knew too much about the sufferings of his Whig neighbors to be long in doubt as to what would happen to himself. The energetic old man promptly decided that it would be better for him to act than to leave it all with Tarleton's men; and accordingly, soon after sunset, he sent his faithful servants in every direction to summon those of his neighbors upon whom he knew he could rely.

Slowly the men began to assemble at his home. They came singly, or by twos or threes; and every man had his flintlock. A whispered word from the judge explained the purpose of the call, and a decided nod was the reply of each as he took his seat and waited in silence. By midnight twenty-five men were there. An hour later five more had arrived. They waited another hour; then, as only three more had come, the judge decided that

it was time for action. Thirty-three men against a hundred! What could they hope to do?

No time was allowed for thinking of such problems, however, and the determined band passed silently out into the darkness. Not a word was spoken except by the leader, and like moving shadows they advanced slowly down the hill towards the camp of Captain Eddy.

There were faint streaks of light in the eastern sky when they halted, and crept forward on their hands and knees to within a few yards of Tarleton's men. Then, at a signal from the leader, they all arose and stood together, waiting for the final word. The gray of the dawn had already appeared. They could discern the forms of the guards as they paced back and forth near the camp, and also the outlines of the tents.

"All ready," said the judge in a low voice. "Now, then!"

A shout from the united band broke in upon the stillness of the early morning. There was a swift rush forward, and the calls and cries were redoubled. To the startled band in the camp it seemed as if howling enemies were on every side of them. They leaped to their feet, and made a rush for their guns. Before these could be reached, however, a volley rang out. The startled men no longer sought their guns. They darted into the woods in every direction, intent now only upon their own safety. But

not all went. There were cries and groans, and many fell to the ground.

"Are you hit, Tom?" said John. The boys had been startled with the others at the first alarm, and crouching low had begun to run from the camp.

"No," replied Tom. "Are you?"

"No. Drop to the ground. Pretend you're hit. Maybe we can get away. Quick. Lie on your face."

And in a moment both fell prostrate on the ground and lay still. Over them swept pursuers and pursued. Others lay on the ground close by, but with them there was no deceit. Some were groaning or crying, some would never speak again. Above all sounded the shouts of the soldiers farther and farther away.

For half an hour the boys did not move, even to raise their heads. Some one might be watching; and the slightest sign might mean for them, a real, not a feigned death. But at last Tom heard a party approaching. Slowly he turned his head. Yes, there they were, a dozen at least; and he thought they wore no uniforms. It must be that the attacking party were now returning. So thought Tom; and quickly standing upright he called to his companion, "Come on, John, we're all right now. They've driven the Tories off, and we're among friends again."

Suddenly he stopped, and looked in confusion at the men before him. He had made a mistake; they were not the men who had made the attack. There was the young sergeant, and beside him were some of Tarleton's men whom he recognized at once.

In confusion he was about to turn and run, when he was suddenly surrounded; and before he could offer any resistance his hands and feet were securely bound, and he was thrown heavily upon the ground. John was served in a similar manner.

Then the young officer said, "Yes, you're among friends; you are, indeed. We'll do you a friendly turn, we will. You young rascals; probably you helped set this party on us. They scattered us a bit; but we've got together again now, and they're the ones that are running. As soon as Captain Eddy comes we'll attend to you fellows."

John made no reply. What could he say? He knew only too well what in all probability was before him. Tom was silent too; and with hopeless eyes they looked about them in their despair.

Hark! Some one was coming. Tom looked up, and saw Captain Eddy and a band of his men. Their faces were flushed, and as they came into the camp the boy could see that the leader was almost beside himself with rage.

The young sergeant stepped up to the captain, and spoke a few words which Tom could not hear;

but there was no doubt about their effect. Suddenly Captain Eddy turned, and approaching the prostrate boys said, "They did, did they? String 'em up! String 'em up on the first tree!"

In a moment the boys were lifted from the ground, and carried by the angry men to a tree by the roadside, the captain leading the way. There they halted.

Two days afterwards an old man, bent and gray and marked by suffering, crept up to the door of Mistress Crowell's home, and rapped.

"My good woman," he began, when the door was opened.

"Mercy on us!" exclaimed the woman. "It's Judge Williams."

"I was Judge Williams once. Now I'm an out-cast. I've been in the woods two days and two nights. This morning I came out; and there, hanging from a long limb which reached out over the road, were two bodies."

The woman was gazing at him now with an expression of agony on her face. She tried to speak, but the words would not come.

"Was one of them Tom?" It was Nancy, Tom's sister, who was speaking; and her voice was low and firm.

"Yes," replied the judge softly. "I thought you ought to know."

"I'm going there," said Nancy firmly.

"No, no!" interrupted the judge quickly. "There's a placard warning every one against cutting him down or giving him Christian burial. Oh! it's horrible, horrible! Were ever such villains on earth before?"

"I'm going there," repeated Nancy quietly. "Come, Betty, you come with me. Mother, you'd better lie down while I'm gone. I'll be back soon."

The judge stopped as he entered the road, and watched Nancy and her younger sister as they passed out of sight.

On went the girls, neither of them speaking, until at last they came in sight of something that caused them both to stop. A sob which Nancy could not check escaped her, and she covered her face with her hands.

"I'm afraid, Nancy," whispered Betty. "Let's go home."

"No," replied Nancy firmly; "we'll go on now."

The resolute girl went through her terrible task almost unaided. A shallow grave just within the borders of the forest was dug, and there both of the young soldiers were laid for their final rest.

"Where are you going now, Nancy?" inquired Betty, when, after their return to the house, Nancy started forth again.

"I'm going there with these." She held up two little flags which one of Sumter's men had given her not long before.

Flags were scarce in those days, and Nancy had prized them the more highly because of that fact. She would put these to a good use. The head of each grave was soon surmounted by a tiny flag. A wreath of wild summer roses was made, and reverently placed on each mound. Then, satisfied that her duty was done, Nancy stepped out into the road to return.

"Nancy, there's a redcoat," whispered Betty, pulling at her sister's dress.

Nancy glanced up, and saw a soldier standing before her. Without doubt he had been watching her all the time, and as she thought of the warning of the placard her face grew pale.

"What have you been doing?" asked the soldier.

"Decorating the graves of my brother and his friend, whom you hung."

He looked at her a moment in silence; then, turning, left her without a word. And Nancy, never knowing that she had just been doing a deed which almost a hundred years later the new nation would take up and make a national custom, also turned, and in silence sought her home to comfort her heart-broken mother.

XV

MRS. BENEDICT ARNOLD

WAS the wife of the famous (or infamous) traitor a sharer in her husband's plots? Did she fall with him, or he with her? Was she the Lady Macbeth of the Revolution, or was she sinned against?

Alexander Hamilton believed her innocent of crime if not of blame, and so did Robert Morris. Historians such as Sparks and Reed have united in declaring that Mrs. Arnold was more sinned against than a sinner. "Poor Mrs. Arnold! Was there ever such an infernal villain?" wrote the financier of the Revolution in a letter concerning the treason of the traitor.

Margaret Shippen, the young wife of Benedict Arnold, was a Philadelphia girl. She came of a family that was known as one of the highest of the city. Wealth, luxury, and flattery were about her from her earliest years. This youngest daughter of the man who later was chief justice of Pennsylvania, the pet and "baby" of the household, the toast of the young British officers while their

army occupied the city, was only eighteen years of age when Arnold first met her. Beautiful and fascinating, she was the type of what would now be known as a "society girl."

In her home the Continentals had been held up to ridicule. They were boors, and wanting in all the graces of the well-dressed, smooth-mannered British officers. Their clothing was ill-fitting, their manners coarse, and they were not accustomed to the "best society." She heard nothing of the rugged devotion and deep, strong patriotism of the Continental leaders. The sympathies of her family were all with the more aristocratic Tories; and right, to her, became synonymous with luxury and display.

Before this young girl appeared Benedict Arnold, some years her senior. There are letters extant which show the general feeling of her family toward this young officer, who differed so much from the rank and file of his companions. Not a word concerning his character or his moral integrity, but all were of his fine figure, his brilliant and dashing manners, his ability to dance well, and to conduct himself properly in the presence of such refined people as Margaret Shippen's family. The young girl was "taken," and apparently "took" her family along with her.

There is a published letter, written by Arnold from the camp at Raritan to Margaret Shippen in

February, 1779, not long before their marriage, in which he gives full play to his feelings. There are bitter allusions to the leaders, and harsh complaints at their failure to recognize and do justice to his merits ; and we may be sure a young soldier, as deeply in love as Arnold doubtless was, would not have written in that fashion unless he had known in just what manner his letter would have been received.

He knew her admiration for the dashing red-coated men, and it may be she may have expressed her wish that he was on the other side ; but there is no record of her ever having written such words to her lover. His own letters show by their expressions his knowledge of her real feelings in the struggle. The unconscious influence of the society girl must be considered among the elements that led to the downfall, or rather to the revelation, of Arnold's character ; for he was a traitor not because he betrayed his country, but he betrayed his country because he had already become a traitor.

The marriage, which soon followed, increased the perils of Arnold. His wife still clung to her friends, who were on the other side in the struggle ; and through her, her husband was brought into frequent contact with the enemies of his country. It is highly probable that more than once he listened to expressions of wonder that such a man as he should be content to remain among the boors.

It was no cause of wonder that he should not be appreciated by them. The simple truth was, they were incapable of appreciating such a man, who in ability and grace so far surpassed them all.

If such words were spoken, Arnold found no antidote in the counsels or example of his wife. She had none of the missionary spirit in her nature, and could not understand what such coarse and rough men wanted. For herself, a gay time was the only happy time ; and she had no taste or desire for the narrow life of the wife of even one of the ablest of the American generals.

Nor was her influence alone with the young British officers. At the very time when the little party of Washington arrived at West Point, Lafayette reminded the general that Mrs. Arnold might be waiting breakfast for them, and that they had best hasten ; and the leader laughingly responded, "Ah, you young men are all in love with Mrs. Arnold, and wish to get where she is as soon as possible. Go breakfast with her, and do not wait for me."

The correspondence of Major André with Mrs. Arnold often has been quoted as showing that she had a share in the plot which was then going on ; but a candid judgment can only pronounce it all a part of the life of the light-hearted woman. She simply must keep in touch with the gayer life of the world outside ; and André's letters, bright,

witty, and full of gossip, were only a portion of that.

When Arnold knew that his plot was discovered he hastened to his wife's room, quickly summoned her, and under the necessity of prompt action almost brutally told her the exact condition; and when he left the room his wife had swooned and fallen.

When General Washington saw her, as he did soon, she had recovered sufficiently to vent all her feelings upon him. He was to blame for it all. He it was who had plotted to ruin her husband, and murder his wife and child. Colonel Hamilton's letters describe her almost uncontrollable ravings and tears.

Even then the true nature showed itself. She made no plans to join her husband, but left West Point to seek her father's home in Philadelphia. But, by an order of the authorities, all of Arnold's papers had been seized, and among them the letters of Major André were found. Simple they seem to us now; but in the condition of public sentiment at the time, they were so construed as to implicate Mrs. Arnold in the treason of her husband, and by an order of the council she was compelled to leave the State, nor was she to be allowed to return so long as the war continued.

Sadly the broken-hearted woman, still little more than a girl, started on her journey across New Jer-

sey to rejoin her husband, who was then in New York. Public sentiment was not all on one side, however; and several times in her journey, when her coach entered villages where the people were preparing to burn or hang the traitor in effigy, the deed was postponed until after she had left the town.

From this time forth her life was under a shadow. Her husband had left the Americans, but he had not gained the British. The long war came to a close; and for a time Mrs. Arnold resided with her husband, at St. John, N.B., whence reports came that she had regained a portion of her vivacity, and was a fascinating society woman.

However, their home was abandoned soon, and then they resided in London. An American visitor wrote back one time of having seen Benedict Arnold and his wife standing together before the tomb of André in Westminster Abbey. He did not write what their conversation was; but if he could have told their thoughts, the world would certainly have been interested.

Benedict Arnold died three years before his wife; but not even her friends knew much of her life in London, where she continued to reside. Margaret Shippen, the light-hearted, gay society girl of Philadelphia, had become Margaret Arnold, the widow of the traitor, the man without a country or a friend.

Broken in spirits, prematurely old, she laid the heavy burden down when she was only forty-three years of age. Her life, which had tended to intensify the weaknesses of Arnold instead of supplementing them, was not worth living when the glamour was gone ; and out of the sowing of frivolity and lightness came the harvest of sadness and despair.

XVI

NATHAN HALE

THIS was one of the most popular songs of the Revolution.

The breezes went steadily through the tall pines,
A-saying "Oh, hush!" a-saying "Oh, hush!"
As stilly stole by a bold legion of horse,
For Hale in the bush, for Hale in the bush.

"Keep still!" said the thrush, as she nestled her young,
In a nest by the road, in a nest by the road.
"For the tyrants are near, and with them appear
What bodes us no good, what bodes us no good."

The brave captain heard it, and thought of his home,
In a cot by the brook, in a cot by the brook,
With mother and sister, and memories dear,
He so gayly forsook, he so gayly forsook.

Cooling shades of the night were coming apace.
The tattoo had beat, the tattoo had beat.
The noble one sprang from his dark hiding-place,
To make his retreat, to made his retreat.

He wearily trod on the dry rustling leaves,
As he passed through the wood, as he passed through the
wood,
And silently gained his rude launch on the shore,
As she played with the flood, as she played with the flood.

The guard of the camp, on that dark, dreary night,
Had a murderous will, had a murderous will.
They took him, and bore him afar from the shore,
To a hut on the hill, to a hut on the hill.

No mother was there, nor a friend who could cheer,
In that little stone cell, in that little stone cell.
But he trusted in love from his father above.
In his heart all was well, in his heart all was well.

An ominous owl, with his solemn bass voice,
Sat moaning hard by, sat moaning hard by:
"The tyrant's proud minions must gladly rejoice,
For he must soon die, for he must soon die."

The brave fellow faced them, no thing he restrained,
The cruel gen'ral, the cruel gen'ral:
His errand from camp, of the ends to be gained,
And said that was all, and said that was all.

They took him, and bound him, and bore him away,
Down the hill's grassy side, down the hill's grassy side.
'Twas there the base hirelings in royal array
His cause did deride, his cause did deride.

Five minutes were given, short minutes, no more,
For him to repent, for him to repent.
He prayed for his mother, he asked not another,
To heaven he went, to heaven he went.

The faith of a martyr the tragedy showed,
As he trod the last stage, as he trod the last stage.
And Britons will shudder at gallant Hale's blood,
As his words do presage, as his words do presage.

Thou pale king of terrors, thou life's gloomy foe,
Go frighten the slave, go frighten the slave;
Tell tyrants to you their allegiance they owe.
No fears for the brave, no fears for the brave!

XVII

BETWEEN TWO FIRES

"I DON'T believe there's anything to be afraid of."

"I'm much of that same opinion myself."

"Then, why does old man Ellis want to keep such a guard in his mill? A dozen men on duty here, when there's something going on around New York and in the South!"

The speakers were two men named Cox and Skinner, who formed a part of a guard of twelve men at the mill of Scotchman Ellis, or "Old Man" Ellis as he was familiarly known. This mill was built over the Mohawk River, where its swift current grew swifter within a narrow gorge, and where to-day the steep rocks that rise along its sides form the foundations of many busy factories. But this conversation we have quoted occurred in the summer of 1780, when there were special reasons why the patriots wished to protect Ellis and the property which a few years before he had acquired by a patent from Sir William Johnson.

Fort Dayton and Fort Herkimer were both



"WENCH, WENCH!" HE SHOUTED, "WHERE IS YOUR MASTER?"

Page 18

largely dependent upon it for their supplies ; and the few families at German Flats had no other place to which they could carry their corn, and have it ground into meal. There was a small settlement near the mill, but there were not enough men in it to protect the property ; and so twelve soldiers had been detailed from the Continental army to do duty as a guard every night until the pressing necessities of the forts and scattered settlers had been supplied.

The soldiers had been there now for a week ; and, as no signs of an attack had appeared, they were becoming tired of the monotonous life. The wildness of the region and the novelty of their duties, at first had been sufficient to interest them ; but now they were eager to return to the forts, and such words as those we have quoted were frequently heard.

But at the very time when Cox and Skinner were complaining to each other, a band of Indians and Tories were moving amongst the hills in the darkness, and their destination was Ellis's mill on the Mohawk. Perhaps Johnson had some desire to regain the property from which he had so easily parted ; and if his band should succeed, there would certainly be no haggling about the price to be paid, for Ellis would be a prisoner, unless, indeed, he fell in the defence, which it was well known he would attempt to make.

The Indians, and the no less cruel Tories, stealthily made their way through the darkness. They were familiar with every foot of the ground, and the dim light of the waning moon was all they needed. On they moved, past the few scattered log houses in which the hardy patriots dwelt. They had no time and but slight inclination to trouble them now; for most of the men were in the army, and as for supplies, the country had been pretty well stripped already. Besides, if the expedition against the mill should be successful, perhaps flour and meal would be found in quantities sufficient to last the marauders for some time. If the patriots could not be subdued in any other way, then starvation could be tried; for few men would remain in the army if once they heard that their wives and children were perishing from hunger, and Ellis's mill was the only source of supply in all the region.

Cox and Skinner had ceased from their conversation. It may have been that under their false impression of security they were dozing a little. The sound of the rushing water becomes monotonous after a time; and as a narrow rim of the moon was all the light that remained, and even that was obscured by a cloud, it was not strange that the men forgot their duty for a moment.

But they were suddenly recalled to it. With a yell that was prolonged and thrown back and forth

by the rocky cliffs, the Indians and Tories made a rush upon the mill. Every one within at once knew what it meant ; but they were taken off their guard, and were poorly prepared to receive the attacking party, which far outnumbered their own.

There was a quick discharge of guns, and one of the defenders fell dead. The Indians already were making an entrance into the mill, and it needed but one quick glance to convince the guard that all attempts to resist would be vain ; then every man turned to seek safety in flight. But the Tories lined the bank, urging their Indian companions to enter the mill ; and there was no hope to be found in that direction. Many of the guards leaped out of the windows to the river-bed below. Hard as were its rocks, they were not so hard as the hearts of the savages, and the desperate chance was quickly seized.

“Come on,” called Cox to his companions, as soon as he saw there was no hope of defending the place.

“Where ?” inquired Skinner, who was so dazed he hardly knew in which direction to turn.

“Here, this way ;” and the excited men started and ran swiftly towards the mill-race.

Two of their companions, named Edick and Getman, followed them ; and in a few moments all four of the men were crouching low in the swift,

cold water. They kept their bodies under, exposing only their faces, and then awaited the issue. Their teeth soon were chattering, and their hands grew numb and stiff. But they were not mindful of such little things; for the yells of the Indians were still sounding, and they concluded that several of their companions must now be prisoners.

"I can't stand this," said Skinner, when ten minutes more had passed. "I'm going to get out."

"Where are you going? What do you mean?" whispered Cox. "You can't get up the bank, and the mill is full of Indians."

"I'm going, though," said Skinner with determination. "Will you come?"

Slowly he made his way along the mill-race, but Cox was the only one to follow him. They crawled on, stumbling often, and almost over-borne by the swift waters, and fearful every moment that their presence would be discovered; but at last they reached the great water-wheel, and concealed themselves under its broad blades.

"Suppose they should start up the wheel," whispered Cox.

"It would be all up with us if they should," replied Skinner. "It would be just like the redskins to try everything about the place."

In suspense they crouched lower and waited. They could hear the men as they rushed about

the mill ; but they were searching for prisoners, and as yet had no thoughts of setting the great wheel in motion.

“ There ! That’s what I’ve been afraid of all the time,” said Cox, after a few minutes had passed.

He had caught the reflection of a light, and the strange silence which had fallen over the place for a brief time was now explained. The attacking party had set fire to the mill !

The flames climbed higher and higher ; the roar was sounding now above the noise of the waters and the shouts of the men. The entire place grew bright, and the timbers began to crack and fall. The windows fell in, and in the freer draught the flames mounted higher and higher.

“ The wind’s the other way. That’s our only hope,” whispered Cox. “ If the mill falls, it’ll fall away from us. If it should fall this way ” —

A groan was the only reply of his companion. How ghastly their faces were in the light of the flames ! Each thought he would hardly have recognized the other. They could occasionally see the faces of the men they had left in the mill-race. They would gladly have come to them now ; but their only hope lay in escaping the notice of the band, and any movement on their part would surely be seen. They must remain where they were, while all around them fell the glowing embers.

Suddenly the hearts of Cox and Skinner almost stopped beating. There came a yell louder than before from the Indians, who were now seen gathering by the race-way and running along its side. Had they been discovered? They tried to shrink farther back under the wheel. But after a moment they saw that their two companions were the objects of the attacking party, and that they had been discovered in their hiding-place.

"Come up out of there!" shouted a Tory. "Come up, and we'll roast you. You'll boil where you are."

A loud laugh greeted his words; but Edick and Getman, well aware that their only safety lay in surrendering, grasped the outstretched hands, and were drawn up on the bank. Their own hands were quickly bound behind them, and then they were led away.

Meanwhile the fire burned on. The timbers fell about the men crouching under the wheel. The air was filled with smoke and flames, but they resolutely held to their positions.

But all things have an end, and even the horrors of that night passed at last. When the morning sun first appeared, as no sounds from the enemy had been heard for some time, and only a smouldering mass remained of Ellis's mill, Cox and Skinner crawled forth from their hiding-place unharmed.

They saw no signs of the Indians and Tories, who, with half a dozen prisoners, well satisfied with their night's work, had long since sought shelter far away among the hills.

XVIII

MRS. SLOCUMB'S VISITORS

ONE warm morning in the spring of 1780, Mrs. Slocumb was sitting on the broad piazza about her home on a large plantation in South Carolina. Her husband and many of his neighbors were with Sumter, fighting for the struggling colonies; but on this beautiful morning there were almost no signs of war to be seen.

As yet this plantation had not been molested; and as Mrs. Slocumb glanced at her little child playing near her, or spoke to her sister, who was her companion, or addressed a word to the servants, there was no alarm manifest. But in one moment the entire scene was changed.

"There come some soldiers," said her sister, pointing towards an officer and twenty troopers, who had just turned out of the highway, and entered the yard.

Mrs. Slocumb made no reply, although her face became pale, and there was a tightening of her lips as she watched the men. Her fears were not allayed when she became satisfied that the leader

was none other than the hated Colonel Tarleton. That short, thick-set body dressed in a gorgeous scarlet uniform, the florid face and cruel expression, proclaimed the approaching officer only too well. But the mistress displayed no sign of fear as she arose to listen to the words of the leader, who soon drew his horse to a standstill before her.

Raising his cap, and bowing almost to his horse's neck, he said, "Have I the pleasure of addressing the mistress of this plantation?"

"It is my husband's."

"And is he here?"

"He is not."

"He is no rebel, is he?"

"No, sir. He is a soldier in the army of his country, and fighting her invaders."

"He must be a rebel, and no friend of his country, if he fights against his king and master."

"Only slaves have masters here," replied the undaunted woman.

Tarleton's face flushed, but he made no reply; and turning to one of his companions, gave orders for a camp to be made in the orchard near by. Soon the eleven hundred men in his command had pitched their tents there, and the peaceful plantation took on the garb of war.

Returning to the piazza, and again bowing low, the British leader said, "Necessity compels his

Majesty's troops to occupy your place for a time, and I shall have to make my quarters in your house ; that is, if it will not be too great an inconvenience to you."

"My family consists at present of only myself, my child, and sister, besides the servants ; and we must obey your orders."

In less than an hour the entire place was transformed. The white tents covered the lawn, horses were tied to the high rail fences, and soldiers in bright uniforms were moving here and there. Before entering the house, the British colonel called some of his officers, and gave sharp orders for scouring the country within the neighborhood of ten or fifteen miles.

This sharp command was not lost upon Mrs. Slocumb, nor was she slow to act upon it herself, as we soon shall see. But for the present, trying to stifle her fears, she determined to make the best of the situation, and avert all the danger possible by providing for the comfort of Tarleton and his men ; and accordingly she had a dinner soon ready fit for a king, and surely far too good for such a cruel and bloodthirsty man as Tarleton soon was known to be.

When the colonel and his staff were summoned to the dining-room, they sat down to a table which fairly groaned beneath the good things heaped upon it. It was such a dinner as only the South Caro-

lina matrons knew how to prepare, and the men soon became jovial under its influences.

"We shall have few sober men by morning," said a captain, "if this is the way we are to be treated. I suppose when this little war is over, all this country will be divided amongst the soldiers. Eh, colonel?"

"Undoubtedly the officers will occupy large portions of the country," replied Tarleton.

"Yes, I know just how much they will each occupy," said Mrs. Slocumb, unable to maintain silence longer.

"And how much will that be, madam?" inquired Tarleton, bowing low.

"Six feet two."

The colonel's face again flushed with anger as he replied, "Excuse me, but I shall endeavor to have this very plantation made over to me as a ducal seat."

"I have a husband, whom you seem to forget; and I can assure you, he is not the man to allow even the king himself to have a quiet seat on his ground."

But the conversation suddenly was interrupted by the sound of guns.

"Some straggling scout running away," said one of the men, not quite willing to leave the table.

"No, sir. There are rifles there, and a good many of them too," said Tarleton, rising quickly

and rushing to the piazza, an example which all, including Mrs. Slocumb, at once followed. She was trembling now, for she felt assured that she could explain the cause of the commotion.

"May I ask, madam," said Tarleton, turning to her as soon as he had given his orders for the action of the troops, "whether any of Washington's forces are in this neighborhood or not?"

"You must know that General Greene and the marquis are in South Carolina, and I have no doubt you would be pleased to see Lee once more. He shook your hand very warmly the last time he met you, I am told."

An oath escaped the angry colonel's lips, and he glanced for a moment at the scar which the wound Lee had made had left on his hand; but he turned abruptly, and ordered the troops to form on the right as he dashed down the lawn.

A shout and the sound of firearms drew the attention of Mrs. Slocumb to the long avenue that led to the house. A cry escaped her at the sight; for there was her husband, followed by two of her neighbors, pursuing on horseback a band of five Tories whom Tarleton had sent to scour the country.

On and on they came, and it was evident that the pursuers were too busy to have noticed the army of Tarleton. Broad swords and various kinds of weapons were flashing in the air, and it was plain that the enraged Slocumb saw nothing except

the Tories he was pursuing. Could nothing be done? Would they run into the very heart of the camp? Mrs. Slocumb tried to scream and warn her husband, but not a sound could she make. One of the Tories had just fallen, when she saw her husband's horse suddenly stop and swerve to one side. What was the cause?

Sambo, the slave whom Mrs. Slocumb had despatched, as soon as Tarleton had come, to warn her husband, had started promptly on his errand; but the bright coats of the British had so charmed him that he had lingered about the place, and when the sound of the guns was heard Sambo had gone only as far as the hedgerow that lined the avenue.

Discretion became the better part of valor then, and the negro in his fear had crawled beneath the bushes for shelter; but when his frightened face beheld his master approaching, he had mustered courage enough to crawl forth from his hiding-place and startle the horses as they passed.

"Hol' on, massa! Hol' on!" he shouted.

Recognizing the voice, Slocumb and his followers for the first time stopped and glanced about them. Off to their left were a thousand men within pistol-shot. As they wheeled their horses, they saw a body of horsemen leaping the hedge in the rear. Quickly wheeling again, they started directly for the house near which the guard had been stationed. On they swept, and leaping the

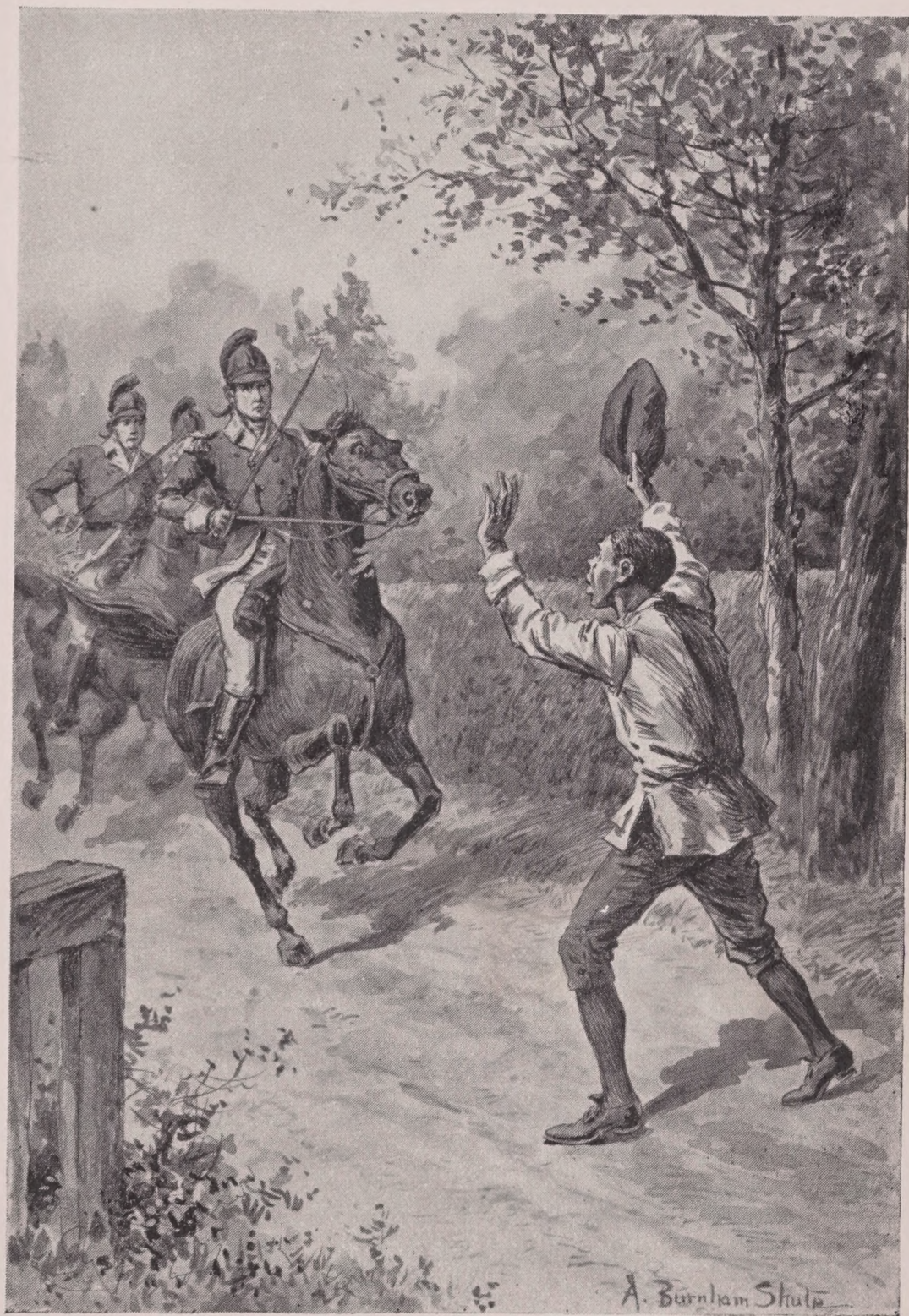
fence of lath about the garden patch, amid a shower of bullets started through the open lots.

Another shower of bullets fell about them as their horses leaped the broad brook, or canal as it was called ; and then, almost before the guard had cleared the fences, they had gained the shelter of the woods beyond, and were safe.

The chagrin of the British Tarleton was as great as the relief of Mrs. Slocumb ; and when on the following day the troops moved on, the cordial adieu of the hostess led the colonel to say, "The British are not robbers, madam. We shall pay you for what we have taken."

"I am so rejoiced at what you have not taken that I shall not complain if I do not hear from you again."

And she neither heard nor complained.



"HOL' ON, MASSA! HOL' ON!" HE SHOUTED.

XIX

THE WIFE OF GENERAL GREENE

KATE LITTLEFIELD was a Block Island girl; but when very young she was sent with her sister to become members of the household of her aunt, the wife of Governor Greene, whose home was in Warwick, and there the young Quaker, Nathanael Greene, met her when she was a school-girl.

This serious young man, nine years the senior of the dashing Kate, was completely fascinated. She appealed to him as many a bright girl has done to a man whose disposition was very different from his own.

She is described as having been of a fine figure, not very tall, of light complexion, with full gray eyes, and regular, clear-cut features. Her movements were alert, and her mind quicker than her body. She was not over fond of study, but was a fascinating talker. The spirit of mischief was ever present; and even after the war was over, and she had endured, as many of the brave women did, it did not leave her.

One time, during the year she spent in Newport,

she dressed herself as an old and helpless beggar woman, and went from house to house among her friends with her piteous story and sad appeal. From house after house she was turned away, no one suspecting her, unless it was to warn the servants to watch her carefully until she left the grounds. At last, when the rounds had been finished, she threw off her disguise, and thoroughly enjoyed the joke against her friends, as she pointed to the one loaf of bread she had received after all her efforts.

With all her spirit of fun, as a mother she was remarkably strict in her discipline, and demanded and received from all of her children the most implicit obedience. Perhaps the military life of her husband aided in this; but she also entered into their childish sports with all her heart, and even compelled that great man, her husband, to join.

The year which they spent in Newport, after the dangers of the war were over, perhaps made her, by a natural reaction, more gay than ever; and a visitor at their home recorded his surprise when one day he found the great general and his wife and children all playing "puss in the corner."

How Nathanael won this bright, happy girl we do not know. She was coquettish, though not a coquette, and in great demand; but perhaps she appreciated his manly strength and integrity the more because of her own vivacity. It must have been a source of honest pride, when she came to

see his power over men, to realize her power over him. Just how much she had to do with his abandoning the Quakers is not known. It has been claimed that it came about because he joined the Kentish Guards about a year before the breaking out of the Revolution; but it also occurred very near the time of his marriage, July twentieth, 1774.

The couple began their married life in Coventry, where Nathanael had a new forge, and trade was brisk. The thrifty New Englanders were aghast when they saw the beautiful mansion he erected for his young bride, and there was many a foreboding shake of the head. But the young blacksmith was unmoved, and went about his work still wearing his broad-brimmed hat. Perhaps Mistress Kate thought it set off the manly figure of her husband to good advantage.

Just how much our country owes her for the part she played in the struggle that followed cannot be told. But she was quick to urge her husband to enter the army, and he as quick to respond.

In the early part of the war she remained at home, as did most of the leaders' wives; but she was never idle, and her house was a hospital for the sick, and a refuge for the oppressed.

When the army went into winter quarters she joined her husband; and that long, sad winter at Valley Forge was endured by her without a murmur, or loss of sparkle and life. And often when

it was not prudent for her to join him, their letters show how poorly they endured the separation. Indeed, these letters sometimes were not delivered by friends, as they knew she would not be held back by any of the dangers that threatened from making the attempt to join him. There are letters also from General and Mrs. Washington written during this time, and which show a desire to teach her to endure patiently. Some of General Greene's letters to her show how hard the loss of her company was to him; and he even tries to be light and witty, as he describes the scenes and adventures through which he was passing.

But in 1781 she went South, and remained with her husband till the war was ended. Only during the heat of the summer, when she sought a cooler refuge among the islands, was she absent.

At last, when the struggle was ended, Nathanael Greene was in a quandary. His business was gone, and he had a wife and five children looking to him for support. It is true Congress voted him a medal and two of the captured British cannon; but as a diet for growing children these were not over-promising.

Northward the little family went, and for a year made their home in Rhode Island. But North Carolina, South Carolina, and Georgia had not forgotten him, and each voted him a valuable tract of land; and it was soon decided that they would

go South again ; and southward they went, to make their home at Mulberry Grove on the Savannah River.

The impressive Yankee Kate entered into the new life with all her heart, and her letters show the impressions she received. The following extract is almost like a mental photograph : " If you expect to be an inhabitant of this country, you must not think to sit down with your netting-pins ; but, on the contrary, employ half your time at the toilet, one quarter to paying and receiving visits, the other quarter to scolding servants, with a hard thump every now and then over the head, or singing, dancing, reading, writing, or saying your prayers. This latter is quite a phenomenon ; but you need not tell how you employ your time."

But the life in the South was not long sunny. General Greene, perhaps not acclimated, or else worn out by his exertions, on a visit to Savannah, in June, 1786, was stricken with what they called " sunstroke," and soon died ; and Kate Littlefield at thirty-five was a widow, with five children and a badly encumbered property. But the light-hearted girl was a matron now, stouter in form and with a resolute will, and set about managing the estate. She scorned the opportunity to rid herself of her husband's debts, calling them " debts of honor," and declared, " I would starve rather than not pay them." She changed her residence to Cumberland

Island, looked after her children, managed the estate herself, and prospered.

The relation she had to one of the great inventions of the age has been forgotten by many, but is worthy of remembrance. A young man from New England named Eli Whitney had come to Georgia to be a tutor in a family near her, but had been disappointed ; and, friendless and penniless, was received by Mrs. Greene into her family. There are various stories about his introduction to Phineas Miller, a large cotton grower there ; but she had mentioned his mechanical ability, although he was studying law at the time, and out of that interview and her encouragement and Miller's aid came the cotton-gin, which revolutionized the cotton industry of the world.

After Aaron Burr killed Hamilton, he wrote the wife of Nathanael Greene that he would be her guest. Hamilton had been her warm friend, and and she had no mind to be hostess to his slayer ; and as Burr rode up to her home, which had been placed at his disposal, the resolute little woman left it, riding away in her own coach. It is needless to report that Aaron Burr's visit was not a protracted one.

But, alas ! that I should record it, the vivacious, resolute Kate Littlefield-Greene had not only become interested in the cotton-gin, but in Eli Whitney's supporter, Phineas Miller ; and she who had

been so devoted to the young Quaker general became Mrs. Miller.

Life thenceforward was easier, and so far as we know she was happy; but alas for the stories of Evangeline and Penelope! But ever since Virgil's day, and Dido's also, *varium et mutabile semper femina*, and Kate Littlefield-Greene-Miller was no exception. Her husband was devoted and kind; and if she followed the example of Ruth instead of that of Penelope, perhaps it was her affair and not ours.

She had five children by Nathanael Greene, two sons and three daughters. The eldest son, George Washington Greene, a namesake of whom the great commander was extremely fond, was drowned in the Savannah River, and his mother never entirely recovered from the shock. The second son was named for his father, and was familiarly known as "Nat." He, with his three sisters, survived Mrs. Miller, and followed her remains, just as the second struggle with England was near its close, to their last resting-place in the family burying-ground on Cumberland Island.

XX

THE CAPTURE AT RAMAPO PASS

IN the summer of 1781 the forces of Washington lay for six weeks at Dobbs Ferry on the Hudson. Every day Sir Henry Clinton, who was in command of the British in New York, had been expecting an attack, and we now know Washington had been preparing to move against the city; but the failure of Count De Grasse, who was holding the French fleet at the West Indies, to co-operate with the troops on land had compelled him to abandon the project, and he had decided to move rapidly to the South and attack Cornwallis, who was then in Virginia.

But he was very desirous that Clinton should not suspect his plan, for he might prevent the march, or send re-enforcements to Cornwallis; and either action would hinder, if it did not defeat, his project.

So the American commander bent all his energies to deceive the British, and make them think that New York was still the place to be attacked. Indeed, we know that even after the march was

begun, the French troops, who went by the way of Perth Amboy, there stopped to build ovens and boats, and gave out that they were about to attack the posts on Staten Island, and then move against the city.

There were other means that Washington used, however, to produce the same impression, even before his army left Dobbs Ferry; and it is with one of these that this story has to do.

"I want to see Dominie Montagnie," said an orderly to a company of men who were seated near a tent in the camp at Dobbs Ferry.

"There he is over there," replied one of the soldiers, pointing to a young man not far away.

"That Dominie Montagnie!" said the orderly. "Why, he's only a boy."

"Boy or not, he's one of the stanchest Whigs in all this region. There isn't a better man in all the Continental army," replied the soldier.

The orderly left, and as he approached the young man, shrewdly scanned his face. Evidently he was satisfied with what he saw, for he at once addressed him. "Is this Dominie Montagnie?"

"Yes," replied the young preacher, returning the look of the officer.

"Well, General Washington wants to see you at once."

"Wants to see me? What for?"

"I don't know. Come with me and you will soon find out."

Young Montagnie asked no further questions, but arose and accompanied his guide to the quarters of the commander. He never had spoken to him before; but he shared fully in the feeling of respect which all the army had for their leader, and he was somewhat abashed when the general arose to receive him, and could hardly reply to the kind words he heard when he was presented.

"Yes, I have known of you," said Washington; "and from all I can hear, I am certain I can rely upon you. Is this true?"

"I try to do my best, General," said Montagnie modestly.

"That's right. Now, I have a very important commission for you;" and the general paused a moment to note the effect of his words. But the young man only bowed, and the great commander continued, "I want to send some despatches by you to Morristown. You will cross the river at King's ferry, go up by Haverstraw, and through Ramapo Pass."

Montagnie looked up quickly at the words "Ramapo Pass." Yes, he knew the place, and too well. It was a narrow defile among the hills in New Jersey, and already had been the scene of some of the most exciting events in the Revolution. And now the cowboys and skinners held it; and if he

should once fall into their hands, he knew what would occur.

"But, General," he ventured to stammer, "Ramapo Pass is one of the headquarters of the Tories, and I shall surely be taken if I try to go that way. Why may I not go by the upper road? I am familiar with every foot of the country."

"Young man," said Washington, stamping his foot in real or pretended anger, "your duty is not to talk, but to obey."

The young preacher saw that all remonstrance would be vain; and although he could not understand why he should not be left to select his own route, especially since he was to go through a country he knew thoroughly, he only bowed his head, and promised to do his best. "When am I to go?" he inquired.

"Now; just as soon as you can get ready."

Just at dusk, dressed in citizen's clothing, and with the despatches sewed inside the lining of his sleeve, young Montagnie was carried across the river, and started on his journey. Even a horse was denied him; but the hardy young Continental cared little for that, and all night long kept steadily on his way.

It was about a half-hour before sunrise when he came near to Ramapo Pass. "My time has come," he said to himself. "If I can once get safely through this place I have no fear of the

rest of the way." But he was more excited than he knew, and was breathing rapidly as he entered the pass.

He grasped his heavy walking-stick more tightly, and glanced about him. The passage between the hills was becoming very narrow. Beside the roadway there was only a narrow little strip of land, and the swift-flowing stream that ran noisily on its way. The steep hillsides rose abrupt and rocky. The damp, cool air of the early morning, the noise of the stream, the threatening cliffs and boulders, which might conceal some of his enemies, all increased the nervous dread of the messenger, and he quickened his steps. Once through, his greatest danger would be passed.

"This will never do," thought Montagnie. "If any one is watching me, I shall arouse his suspicions if I run," and he began to walk leisurely, although his fear increased each moment. Up to this time he had seen no one, and had met with no interruption on his journey. Perhaps his fear was unreasonable; but he had thought so much and so long of this place, and was so familiar with the stories of the deeds of the murdering cowboys there, that every sense was alert.

Several times he thought he saw faces peering out from behind the boulders, but he had not stopped; and now he was almost through the pass. Yes, he could see where the valley became wider

before him, and soon he would be out from under these terrible cliffs with their long shadows and dark hiding-places. He began to breathe more freely now, and again quickened his pace.

Hark! What was that? He stopped and listened, and in a moment knew he had not been deceived. He could hear the sound of approaching horsemen, and they were coming rapidly down the road before him.

He glanced behind him for a hiding-place, and already had started to climb the cliffs, when he caught sight of the approaching men, and realized that he could not gain a place of concealment before they would be near enough to see him. Perhaps they had already discovered him. There was nothing left but to resume his place in the road, walk on as though he neither feared nor suspected anything, and show as bold a face as possible. But if his face was bold, it was the only bold thing about him; for his heart sank when he saw the six men enter the pass, and bring their horses to a walk as they noticed the stranger.

He could see their faces now, and his alarm increased when he recognized the leader as Richard Smith. He had been at Goshen when his father, Claudius Smith, along with Gordon and De la Mar, had been hung. Montagnie knew what a desperado Claudius Smith had been, and what a terror his gang of cowboys had been in Orange

County and along the borders of New Jersey. Many rewards had been offered for his arrest ; and about a year and a half before this time he had been captured at Oyster Bay and taken to Goshen, where he was chained to the floor of the jail, and a strong guard placed over him. All his efforts to escape had been vain ; and with his two companions he had been hung, as Montagnie himself knew, for he had been in Goshen on that very day. But Smith's son, Richard, had been avenging the death of his father ; and the poor Whigs in that region had been suffering more at his hands than they had from his father's.

These were the thoughts that were passing rapidly through the mind of the messenger ; and there was this desperado, Richard Smith, approaching, and with him five men as desperate as he at his back. What villanous-looking men they were. He grasped his walking-stick more firmly, and tried to appear calm.

"Good-morrow, gentlemen," said Montagnie.

A gruff word was the only reply, but each man was glancing sharply at him. Evidently they were suspicious ; but, as they passed on, Montagnie breathed more easily. The danger was almost passed, and in a moment he would be beyond their sight.

But he was not to escape so easily. Without turning his head, he was aware that they had

stopped, and were watching him. The moment was a critical one. Would it never come to an end?

"Hold, stranger!" called one of the men. "You travel early."

The messenger stopped, for there was nothing else to be done, and waited as quietly as possible for the others to approach. They soon gathered about him, and he knew his only hope lay in his being calm.

"Yes," he replied; "and neither are you late in your start."

"Where might you be bound?" said Smith, ignoring his words.

"Oh, up the road here, among the hills."

Smith laughed derisively, as he replied, "That won't do. Up the road may lead to Morristown, or it may be New York. You'll have to give an account of yourself."

The young preacher glanced quickly about him. Should he try to fight? Six men, armed and mounted, were before him, and they would think no more of shooting him than they would a squirrel by the roadside.

The leader had not failed to note his hesitation; and he turned to his men and said, "Search him, boys. If he's straight it'll do no harm; and if he isn't, it's the only thing to be done."

In a moment Montagnie had forgotten his cau-

tion. If the papers were found perhaps the men would kill him, and if he must die he would sell his life as dearly as possible. He had been so quiet that the two men who approached were taken off their guard when he suddenly whirled his heavy stick and struck one a heavy blow, and then turned to the other. With a bound he leaped over the fallen men and started for the cliffs. It was a desperate venture, and every moment he expected to hear the sound of their guns. He struggled on, however, unmindful of everything but his one desire to escape.

"Don't shoot! don't shoot!" he heard Smith call. "He may be worth more alive than dead. Ha, ha! Who would have thought such a peaceable-looking youngster could have given such a rap?" and he laughed again when he saw how angry his companions were. "Take after him! Be quick, or he'll get away!"

Montagnie was struggling desperately to make his way up the hillside. For a moment he thought they had abandoned the pursuit, although he wondered why they did not shoot; but he soon understood it all when he saw two of the men coming toward him. They had known of a path, and by taking it had been able to gain the heights above.

To attempt farther flight was useless now; and, without a word, he followed his captors to the road below.

"Take him up to the hut, boys," said Smith; and the messenger soon found himself in a rude log house about two hundred yards from the road, and concealed among the defiles of the hills.

"Now search him," said the leader; and the men immediately began to do his bidding.

His three-cornered hat was cut into pieces, but nothing was found in it. Next his coat was taken off, and in a moment one of the men exclaimed, "Here's something; it's inside the lining," and he cut open the sleeve and drew forth the despatches, which he tossed to Smith. The leader quickly opened them; and as he read, the others watched him keenly.

"It's a good find, boys, and all right. That's what comes of making a general out of a farmer. Who was the fool that tried to hide this in the lining of a sleeve?" he inquired, turning to Montagnie. "Why, it's the very first place we'd look into. And you must have been drunk to think you could get through Ramapo Pass with them. You don't look like a lack-wit, but you must have been not to have taken the upper road. But Clinton will be glad to get this. Now, boys, what shall we do with this fellow, — hang him or send him away?"

"Shoot him," said the one whom the messenger had struck. "It's none too good for him."

"We'll see about that a little later," replied

Smith. "We've got to get this letter to Clinton the first thing we do."

Two were left with the prisoner as a guard, and the others soon rode away. For three days and nights Montagnie lay in the hut, bound hand and foot. Not for a moment were the cords loosened; and each day his guard told him they were about to take him out and hang him, and leave his body on a tree by the roadside, as a warning to all Whigs. The preacher had fully resigned himself, and expected daily that the threat would be carried out.

On the fourth day Smith returned, and, after a hurried consultation with the guard, rode away. The prisoner's bands were soon loosed, and his aching limbs were rubbed by the guard; but he had no other thought than that he was being prepared for his execution. Accordingly, when in a few hours he was bidden to follow them out of the hut, he glanced on every side for the rope he expected to see dangling from some tree.

As he walked on, his thoughts were somewhat bitter against Washington. Why had he insisted upon his coming through Ramapo Pass? If he had been left to his own devices he would have taken the upper road, and never would have fallen into the hands of these desperadoes.

"Can you ride?" said one of the men abruptly.

"Yes," replied the preacher. Were they about to mount him on a horse, and then start the horse

off after the noose had been adjusted? He had heard of that plan having been used.

But he had no time for meditation, as they came to a place where three horses were waiting. Almost before he knew what had occurred, the prisoner found himself mounted, and riding rapidly along the road with a guard on either side.

What could it mean? He saw no rope, and not a word was spoken. On and on they went, and gradually it dawned upon the young man's mind what the destination was to be. Nor was he mistaken; for he soon was carried across the river, and placed in the old Sugar House Prison in New York, one of the famous provost prisons of that day.

"You're a great one," said the guard to Montagnie next day. "Those letters you had were all about Washington's plan to attack New York. But Clinton can take a hint, and everybody in the city is getting ready to receive the rebels."

Then he took from his pocket a copy of Rivington's *Gazette*, which contained a long account of his capture, the nature of the despatches he had carried, and the use Sir Henry was making of the information he had gained.

Suddenly, as the guard finished his reading, Montagnie laughed aloud.

"What are you laughing at?" said the angry guard as he left. "I don't see anything funny in that."

But the prisoner did; and all his bitterness towards Washington had vanished in a moment. Now he understood it all. Washington had intended all the time to have him taken prisoner with those despatches on his person, and thus to hold the British in New York while he himself started for Virginia.

How well he held them we know from the fact that when Sir Henry next heard of him he was already beyond the Delaware, too far away to be pursued, and it was too late to send word or aid to Cornwallis.

As for Parson Montagnie, he was not long kept a prisoner, for the war was soon ended; but for years it was his delight to tell the story of his capture.

"I had read about the Greeks holding the pass of Thermopylæ," he would say, "and keeping the enemy out; but I kept the enemy in by failing to hold the pass at Ramapo."

XXI

THE DANCE

It is not known who wrote the words of this song. It was very popular at the close of the war, and was sung to the tune of Yankee Doodle.

Cornwallis led a country dance,
The like was never seen, sir,
Much retrograde and much advance,
And all with General Greene, sir.

They rambled up and rambled down,
Joined hands, then off they ran, sir,
Our General Greene to Charlestown,
The earl to Wilmington, sir.

Greene in the South then danced a set,
And got a mighty name, sir,
Cornwallis jigged with young Fayette,
But suffered in his fame, sir.

Then down he figured to the shore,
Just like a lordly dancer,
And on his courtly honor swore,
He would no more advance, sir.

Quoth he, "My guards are weary grown
With footing country dances,
They never at St. James's shone
At capers, kicks or prances.

Though men so gallant ne'er were seen
 While sauntering on parade, sir,
 Or wriggling o'er the park's smooth green,
 Or at a masquerade, sir,

Yet are red heels and long-laced skirts
 For stumps and briars meet, sir?
 Or stand they chance with hunting-shirts,
 Or hardy veteran feet, sir?"

Now housed in York he challenged all,
 At minuet or all 'amande,
 And lessons for a courtly ball,
 His guards by day and night conned.

His challenge known, full soon there came,
 A set who had the *bon ton*,
 De Grasse and Rochambeau, whose fame
Fut brillant pour un long temps,

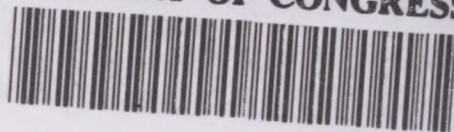
And Washington, Columbia's son,
 Whom easy nature taught, sir,
 That grace which can't by pains be won,
 Or Plutus's gold be bought, sir.

Now hand in hand they circled round,
 This ever-dancing peer, sir;
 Their gentle movements, soon confound
 The earl, as they drew near, sir.

His music soon forgets to play—
 His feet can no more move, sir,
 And all his bands now curse the day,
 They jigged to our shore, sir.

Now, Tories all, what can ye say?
 Come—is not this a griper,
 That while your hopes are danced away,
 'Tis you must pay the piper.

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